HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1607. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND IN THEIR PRIVATE CAR, EN ROUTE FOR THE WEST.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

"A perfect paper for young people."—*Boston Transcript.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The front-page illustration to the current number is a beautiful drawing by MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *called "His Majesty in Private Life," which represents a baby in an old-fashioned cradle.*

The most interesting feature of this number is the

PORTRAITS OF YOUNG HEROES,

four in number, who have distinguished themselves by acts of bravery in saving persons from drowning during the past summer. One of these young heroes is only six years old, and another is a girl.

MR. CHARLES HENRY WEBB *tells the story of "Our Bear on the Beach" with much pleasant humor.* MRS. HERRICK *has an entertaining article on "The Reign of Reptiles."*

Two serial stories are now running, namely, "Derrick Sterling, A Story of the Mines," by KIRK MUNROE; *and "Picco," by* ANGELINA TEAL.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

FOR some time the financial situation has seemed to be verging toward panic. This is the more significant because every legitimate commercial interest in the country reports a healthy and active condition. Paralysis is, however, steadily advancing upon it. There is an apparent drift toward a condition in which the paramount object is to provide for existing mercantile obligations. This brings refusal of credit, and failures and panic would naturally follow. What is the reason of this anomalous situation? It is not difficult to discover. The government receipts are $10,000,000 a month larger than the expenditures. This amount is steadily withdrawn from the circulating medium of the country, and an indefinite continuation of this course would lead to a return to a state of barter, because the government would absorb all the medium of exchange. The Treasury surplus on the 31st of May was $24,000,000, and in the middle of September it was $53,000,000. This sum of about $30,000,000 was removed from the community during the time when business was passing from dulness to the highest activity. Until recently the natural consequences of such diminution could be remedied by paying off the demand debt, and so returning the money to the community. But now the only process under law available for such return is the purchase of bonds in the open market at a high premium.

The withdrawal of so large a sum from bank reserves for a single month is enough seriously to interrupt all the usual functions of the banks. This is illustrated by the course of the Bank of England, where a sudden withdrawal is met at once by an advance of the bank rate, and a bid for the money of the world to replace the amount withdrawn. Yet in London the banking facilities compare most favorably with ours. The total deposits of the banks in New York are about $350,000,000; in London they exceed £350,000,000; while the total exchanges of the clearing-houses of the two cities are almost identical. In other words, the medium of exchange used in New York is made to do five times the duty which it does in London. In cities, indeed, the transfer of bank credits or checks serves the purpose which is served by currency in small communities. But the activity of currency in this country, as compared with other countries, is fairly indicated by the statement. The present and increasing withdrawal of money by the Treasury is undeniable. Is there any definite assurance of an equal remedial force? The government has bought bonds, and has announced its willingness to buy at a stated price until the 8th of October. Then what? Upon what principle is the government action controlled? What if bondholders decline to respond to the offers of the Treasury?

The disturbance which has already arisen could have been endured, but its effects have been aggravated by the fears of further disturbance arising from the law and its operation. This apprehension has led to action of the banks, which greatly aggravates the inconvenience of the commercial community rather than of "Wall Street." Many large financial institutions propose to protect themselves for the present by loaning money on demand securities only, and not for definite periods. But commercial transactions cannot be carried on with capital repayable upon demand, and merchants can mainly offer as security for loans only merchandise in transit or in process of consumption, against which the usual and legitimate practice is to put out four months' promissory notes. If general mercantile credit is abridged, the only resource is to realize upon merchandise by forced sales upon an unwilling market, which means depreciation, failure, and panic. This situation, which was lately very threatening, was relieved by the Treasury offer to buy bonds. This is all that the law now permits. But this is plainly a temporary makeshift. The permanent remedy lies in reducing the revenues of the government to an equality with its legitimate expenditures. This can be effected only by Congress, and the situation intimates pretty distinctly that the remedy can hardly be applied too soon, and Congress might well be summoned to deal with a question which is vital to the whole country, and which involves the interests of the Administration. Serious disaster would be regarded as due to the authority which having the power of remedy declined to use it, and such disaster would be the more exasperating as the result of merely mechanical obstruction, when all the machinery of commercial activity seems to be sound, and every legitimate employment prosperous.

JEFFERSONIAN PRINCIPLES.

DEMOCRATS who are inclined to ostracize Mr. RANDALL as faithless to JEFFERSON principles must be sure that they know what those principles are. JEFFERSON is worshipped as the apostle of the most limited function of government. He is generally supposed to be the foe of protection and the father of free trade, a very Cato of economy and the sternest enemy of a lavish distribution of public money. He frequently spoke of the national government as if it were merely a department of foreign affairs, and that body of patriots who aspire to the title of watch-dogs of the Treasury complacently assure themselves that they are exclusively Jeffersonian. Undoubtedly JEFFERSON held that the best government is that which governs least. But he did not hold the doctrine consistently. No wise statesman will be the slave of strict construction and literal consistency. In great national policies he will consider the purpose and spirit of the government. The friends of limited powers may call themselves Jeffersonians, but the advocate of the most liberal public expenditure may also fortify his position with the authority of JEFFERSON, as a few citations will show. In his first message to Congress President JEFFERSON said: "Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are then most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise." But he adds, "Protection from casual embarrassments, however, may sometimes be reasonably interposed"; and in his second message he says, "To protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances," with other objects which he mentions, "are the landmarks by which we are to guide ourselves in all our proceedings."

In his sixth annual message, December 2, 1806, Mr. JEFFERSON says—and Mr. RANDALL would endear himself still more to his Pennsylvania constituents by quoting the passage:

"The question, therefore, now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surpluses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of impost after the entire discharge of the public debt, and during those intervals when the purposes of war shall not call for them? Shall we suppress the impost, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? On a few articles of more general and necessary use the suppression, in due season, will doubtless be right; but the great mass of the articles on which impost is paid are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance and application to the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers. By these operations new channels of communication will be opened between the States, the lines of separation will disappear, their interests will be identified, and their union cemented by new and indissoluble ties. Education is here placed among the articles of public care; not that it would be proposed to take its ordinary branches out of the hands of private enterprise, which manages so much better all the concerns to which it is equal; but a public institution can alone supply those sciences which, though rarely called for, are yet necessary to complete the circle, all the parts of which contribute to the improvement of the country, and some of them to its preservation.

"The subject is now proposed for the consideration of Congress, because, if approved, by the time the State Legislatures shall have deliberated on this extension of the federal trusts, and the laws shall be passed and other arrangements made for their execution, the necessary funds will be on hand and without employment. I suppose an amendment to the Constitution, by consent of the States, necessary, because the objects now recommended are not among those enumerated in the Constitution, and to which it permits the public moneys to be applied."

In his seventh message, October 27, 1807, Congress being summoned before the usual time of meeting to consider the case of the *Chesapeake*, Mr. JEFFERSON says, speaking of a surplus:

"A portion of this sum may be considered as a commencement of accumulation of the surpluses of revenue, which, after paying the instalments of debts as they shall become payable, will remain without any specific object. It may partly, indeed, be applied toward completing the defence of the exposed points of our country, on such a scale as shall be adapted to our principles and circumstances. This object is doubtless among the first entitled to attention in such a state of our finances, and it is one which, whether we have peace or war, will provide security where it is due. Whether what shall remain of this, with the future surpluses, may be usefully applied to purposes already authorized, or more usefully to others requiring new authorities, or how otherwise they shall be disposed of, are questions calling for the notice of Congress, unless, indeed, they shall be superseded by a change in our public relations, now awaiting the determination of others."

And in his eighth and last message, November 8, 1808, he says, and they were JEFFERSON'S last official words:

"The probable accumulation of the surpluses of revenue beyond what can be applied to the payment of the public debt, whenever the freedom and safety of our commerce shall be restored, merits the consideration of Congress. Shall it lie unproductive in the public vaults? Shall the revenue be reduced? or shall it not rather be appropriated to the improvements of roads, canals, rivers, education, and other great foundations of prosperity and union, under the powers which Congress may already possess, or such amendment of the Constitution as may be approved by the States?"

These extracts show plainly some of Mr. JEFFERSON'S views which are less known. He favored a liberal national expenditure for internal improvements, national defences, education, and whatever else promotes the common welfare, and to this end he would maintain a tariff which provided a surplus. To authorize the devotion of a surplus to such objects he desired an amendment of the Constitution. The only way in which the opponents of such expenditures can strengthen themselves by JEFFERSON'S name is that he thought the expenditure unconstitutional without an amendment. Experience, however, has proved what JEFFERSON could not foresee, that the course he favored leads to over-taxation, class legislation, a general derangement of commerce and industry, and political corruption. Occasional departure from the rigid consistency of the rule strictly limiting the functions of government is undoubtedly wise. But it is wise only in the sense of BACON'S doctrine of occasional excess.

A MARYLAND CANDIDATE.

THE unusual political situation is illustrated strikingly by the letter of acceptance of Mr. WALTER B. BROOKS, the Republican candidate for Governor in Maryland, as well as by the support which he receives from Democrats in that State. Mr. BROOKS says:

"I have not had any political experience; therefore my only guide would be those rules based on business principles in which I have been trained. Regarding as I do any commercial or political preference as a trust from the hands of those interested, I would administer the larger and more important interests of the State strictly from a non-partisan stand-point; not in words only, but in official acts. I made this statement before the nomination, and I repeat it now with emphasis."

These words need not unduly alarm the philosophical patriots who are bent upon maintaining party as the bulwark of free government. They do not mean that parties are to be discontinued, but merely that parties at present mean nothing in particular. Thus the success of the Republican ticket in Maryland would not signify that Maryland favors high protection and profuse national expenditure and a Republican President next year, but only that it is disgusted with the corruption and degradation of the ring that now controls the State administration, and that it desires stringent and effective laws to promote honest government. It would not mean that in any strict partisan sense Maryland had become Republican, as the result in Rhode Island last spring did not indicate that the State in the same sense had become Democratic.

But that a State canvass can be conducted upon such grounds shows that for the time there are considerations higher than party success which will determine a canvass, if not an election. It shows that the desire of honest administration is strong enough to break party ties, and that, in turn, shows that there are no issues which are believed to be more important than such administration. To secure such administration permanently becomes therefore one of the most vital of political objects. Party success without such security is merely a crop of apples of the Dead Sea. If a party have any serious reason for existence and means anything, it cannot obtain its object by a mere majority for its candidates. Its candidates and agents must honestly carry out its designs. But when a boss or a ring dominates a party, its success at the polls means merely what we see in Maryland, the payment of a body of personal Janissaries from the public treasury. In New York, in order to gain votes, certain purposes are declared by parties which were formed for quite other purposes. But if the declaration serves its end, and the election is carried, the declaration of purposes is whistled down the wind, as when a party Convention promises to submit a prohibition amendment if it is successful at the polls, and when it is successful laughs at its pledge.

It is not public objects and honest government, but patronage and plunder, which maintain parties when the purposes of their organization have been achieved or abandoned. It is at such a time that independent views and action are most common, and that local or State results are least indicative of opinion upon public policies. In the national election, however, at such times the course of the independent vote will be determined by general considerations. Either, as in 1884, the personal character of candidates will decide it, or, when candidates are less important, the general character and tendency of the party. Our first duty in this country should be the restoration of parties to their true function of bodies organized, not to control patronage, but to carry out a definite and declared public policy. This result can be accomplished only by reform in electoral and administrative methods. The first has been already adopted in England and Australia, and approved by one

House of the Michigan Legislature last year, and the second is the familiar reform in the civil service. Under our present system in both branches of the government, parties become more and more unmeaning, and intelligent and patriotic citizens cease to belong to any party, in order to secure the very ends for which parties nominally exist.

THE DEMOCRATS IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic Convention in New York, where the party opposition to the President has been most persistent, leaves no hope to his opponents that they can prevent his renomination. The assembly was as harmonious as the Republican Convention, except for the contests of delegations. It could not be called an enthusiastic body, but it was a very significant one, for it made plainer than ever the fact that a candidate who does not arouse party enthusiasm is the inevitable candidate of the party because of the very qualities and views that prevent enthusiasm. Mayor GRACE says truly that the Democrats have no other candidate to propose than the President. The remark is a compliment to the country rather than to the party, for it is the feeling of the country which forces the President upon his party.

The approval of the Administration in the platform was unqualified, even to the assertion that it has effected a practical reform of the civil service. If the Convention had really supposed this to be the fact, it would not have been controlled by the President's friends. It is the apprehension that the President would like to see such a reform effected which chills Democratic sympathy. The final declaration upon this subject by the Convention, with the proceedings in the platform committee, are very significant. The committee, by a vote of 11 to 8, adopted a mere spoils resolution emanating from Tammany Hall. Mr. DORSHEIMER, the chairman, refused to report it, and sent out for the absent members of the committee. The vote was reconsidered; but even a compromise proposed by Mr. DORSHEIMER was plainly too strong, and the platform recommends the submission of the question to the people. This is the practical abandonment of any declaration of reform by a Democratic Convention absolutely controlled by the President's friends. The platform further proposes the reduction of the surplus by revision of the tariff and the increase of the free list, condemns amendment of the immigration laws, praises the pension policy of the Administration, favors a revised excise law in the State, and the local appropriation of excise revenues, and warmly commends Governor HILL.

The present Secretary of State was renominated, and his associates upon the ticket are, we believe, as unexceptionable as their Republican competitors. The Irving Hall faction was excluded from the Convention, and will probably revenge itself by voting against the ticket. The Convention, as we said, was outwardly as harmonious as the Republican, and the new State Committee has a very large CLEVELAND majority. The friends of Governor HILL, if they hoped to open a breach or to demonstrate his power as against the President, have been completely baffled. This is the last of the important State Conventions. It shows that the renomination of Mr. CLEVELAND is assured, and that his distinctive views of reform are not approved by his party. It is also plain that his views of relieving the surplus are generally supported, and that some definite measure may be expected from the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives.

THE REPUBLICANS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Massachusetts Republican Convention was as harmonious as all the other Conventions of the year, and its work was completed in less than four hours. The chairman painted the usual picture of the total depravity of the Democratic party and the utter failure of its administration, ridiculed the folly of political independence, and the good sense of voting for the Old Nick if he be regularly nominated, and announced that no accident next year (such, perhaps, as the nomination of a candidate whom on personal grounds many Republicans would not support) could defeat the party. The greatest applause was at the allusion to Governor AMES, who was renominated by acclamation after a brief and glowing speech from Senator HOAR. The Governor's associates were also renominated, except the Attorney-General.

The platform approves protection and liberal appropriations for a navy and coast defences, for internal improvements, education, and pensions; recommends further diminution of the surplus by reduction of the internal revenue, and if necessary of the sugar tariff. It approves the national and State civil service reform laws, and demands the extension of the national reformed system, and it denounces "the shameful dismissals and disgraceful appointments" of the Administration. But the Massachusetts appointments are not disgraceful, and the Massachusetts dismissals have been very much less than under any Republican administration. The temperance plank is stringent, declaring for thorough and honest restriction of the liquor traffic by law, and for the submission of a prohibition amendment. These are the chief points, and they are put with force and skill.

There is no doubt of Republican success in Massachusetts by a large majority. The Democrats in that State have said and done nothing to induce any sensible, patriotic, and independent citizen to support their ticket. The Republicans needlessly magnify the importance of party, and foolishly sneer at political independence. For it is courage and independence which alone make parties worth supporting. It is not, as Mr. ROCKWELL supposes, the partisans who support everything, but those who will not support everything, which give a party character and success.

AMERICA RULES THE WAVES.

THE third consecutive victory of the American yacht is cause for honorable pride and congratulation. There is only one drawback to the pleasure, and that is totally unconnected with the yachts and the yacht clubs. It is the distrust of the owner of the English yacht which was evinced in the assertion that there was some kind of trick of construction by which she was to win unfairly. There was even a secret inspection of her hull as she lay in the water, as if there were some reason for the unhandsome insinuation. All this was the more shameful because the *Thistle* bade fair to push the *Volunteer* very closely. The insinuation was wholly unmanly and un-American. But the owner of the *Thistle* could not suppose it was countenanced by American gentlemen anywhere.

Indeed, one of the best incidents of yachting is its encouragement of a chivalric spirit. It is in itself a manly sport, and the suggestion that a yachtsman could cheat—for that is the ugly word which describes the thing insinuated in the case of the *Thistle*—is as repulsive as the same fling against a naval officer. It is a pity that the chivalric regard for fair play does not animate the skippers and captains of the excursion fleet which attends the race, for it would prevent the crowding upon the competing yachts, against which both of them—and with good reason—complained.

The good-humor with which the English papers generally commented upon the result was very creditable to them. It was the more creditable because there was undoubtedly a universal expectation that this time the cup would be captured. There were many Americans who shared this feeling, and there was something suspicious in the loud bragging upon our side before the race. It was an exciting contest nobly conducted. The competitors were worthily watched, and except for the beautiful *Volunteer*, every gallant American would have wished the beautiful *Thistle* to win. The triumph of General PAINE and Mr. BURGESS is very great. In the world of yachts they have decreed that Britannia shall not rule the waves. But no one of all the hundreds of thousands who either saw the race or waited for the earliest tidings could have felt a keener pleasure than Mr. GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, the only survivor of the five owners of the *America*, which first took the cup. He has seen it retained by later *Americas*, after admirable contests which proved the pluck and tenacity of both branches of the race. The omen is fair. As in yachting, so may it be in other directions and larger achievements that America holds the cup.

BOURBON "KICKING."

A RECENT letter in the Lafayette (Indiana) *Sunday Times*, which is stated to have been written by a son of Mr. JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Second Auditor of the Treasury, says:

"When the Indiana Democratic Congressmen endeavor to hide their own dilatoriness, indifference, and opposition in the matter of procuring the removal of Republicans from Federal positions, and attempt to hoodwink the 'dear people' at home with a shout of 'CLEVELAND be damned!' I, for one, propose to tell the truth. From the State of Indiana there are to-day only two Republicans holding Presidential offices, viz., FRED H. SCHEUCH, consul at Barcelona, Spain, and the postmaster at Goshen, and both of them will go out in a very few weeks. President CLEVELAND has removed every Republican holding a Federal commission in Indiana except the two above mentioned."

The correspondent naturally inquires of his Democratic brethren, "Then what is all this 'kicking' about?" and concludes by observing:

"There has been too much malicious lying to office-seekers from Indiana by Indiana Democratic Congressmen, and to cloak their abominable lying these Congressmen lied about the President. The time has come for plain talk about these matters, and I propose to talk plainly and talk truthfully."

The statement of this writer is probably true. But his letter and the general situation show that to satisfy the Democratic Bourbon it is necessary not only to treat the public service as party spoils, but to insist that that is the true principle of administration. This view confirms what we have often said, that nothing is gained in this contest by yielding. The battle-cry of the party plunderers is, "All or nothing." The President who does not surrender completely, and devote all his time—and insist that the Cabinet shall do the same—to the business of patronage, will be regarded by them as a traitor and a renegade, and denounced as the assassin of his party.

The President would have had no sharper or more constant conflict with the Democratic Bourbons if he had withstood them in every instance. If, despite their hostility, he is sure of renomination, it is because of the general confidence which his resistance to them has produced, and if he had uniformly refused to yield, his hold upon the country, which is generally profoundly indifferent as to those who hold the offices, would have been still firmer than it is.

The course of the Administration in Maryland may have served the personal purposes of Senator GORMAN, but it has done nothing for the Democratic ascendency in the State, and has brought it into serious peril, while it has alienated the best friends of the President elsewhere. The surrender in Maryland, therefore, has been of no advantage, either from a public or a partisan point of view. In Indiana also, it seems, where the Bourbons have had their way, the result has been neither to propitiate them nor to retain the friendly support of the independent vote. If in Massachusetts the Bourbons should force the removal of Collector SALTONSTALL and Postmaster CORSE, the entire independent support of the Administration would disappear. The "kicking" of which the Indiana Democrat complains is a protest against the President's convictions, which secured his election, and have won him general public regard.

JACOB SHARP.

THE case of JACOB SHARP has been decided against his appeal upon the hearing by the full bench, and the conduct of the trial by Judge BARRETT is approved. From the beginning of the case there has been no moral doubt of the guilt of SHARP, but all means that legal ingenuity could invent have been tried to secure his acquittal or evasion of punishment. The effort has been pushed quite beyond the reasonable limits of professional duty. It is not a good view of that duty which justifies resort to every kind of quibble, and makes Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, & Snap the types of honorable and high-minded lawyers.

The moral of the trial is the corruption of our present political system. SHARP did what others did. He knew that great corporations spend great sums of money to influence legislation at Albany. They do it, as he knew, almost openly. The lobby is known to be a body of agents to corrupt legislators. But the officers of the corporations, who do not personally do the work, but who know that it is done and are willing accessories, do not suffer in public estimation. Their theory is that a Legislature is an assembly of thieves and black-mailers, and they treat it accordingly.

SHARP took this view, and as the trial proves, not unjustly, of the Board of Aldermen. He wanted a valuable grant, and he paid the Aldermen to give it to him for the bribe. The blunder he made was in not hiding his hand, and he pays the penalty. His fate will warn other SHARPS to be more cautious. But it will not prevent corporations and speculators from doing as he did. There is but one effectual remedy for that, namely, the election of legislators and aldermen who will not be bribed. This is a question of electoral reform, for which the trial and fate of JACOB SHARP is a powerful argument.

PERSONAL.

THE mother of General LEW WALLACE was a prominent figure at the State Prohibition camp-meeting at Oakland, Illinois, where she addressed an audience of fifteen thousand people.

—Doña ISADORA COUSIÑO, of Chili, is said to be the richest woman in the world, and her fortune is estimated to be at least two hundred millions of dollars. Doña COUSIÑO is on the sunny side of forty, above medium height, of graceful figure, and of a Spanish type of beauty. She proposes making New York a visit; and if she does come will make her presence felt, for she spends her money freely, and is interested in a great variety of subjects, from art to cattle-raising.

—Senator TOM BOWEN, of Colorado, is said to be "mine poor"; that is, all his money is tied up in gold mines, and he has comparatively little ready cash. Senator BOWEN is a great lover of poetry, and it is said that he can quote BYRON, who is his favorite poet, by the hour.

—Miss EDITH HORNOR, who is engaged to be married to General JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, has been for the past four years assistant manager of the nurses at Blockley Almshouse, Philadelphia. Miss HORNER got her training in taking care of the sick and wounded during the Zulu and Egyptian wars. She is an English woman, and her family live near London.

—General N. P. BANKS's term of office as Marshal of Massachusetts will expire in December. General BANKS was the first Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives, and although he has had a conspicuous career, he is entirely without fortune.

—Colonel LAMONT has on his mantel-piece the old clock which is the sole piece of furniture that was in the public rooms of the White House during LINCOLN's administration. President ARTHUR took a fancy to it and had it in his bedroom for five years. The room occupied by Colonel LAMONT was LINCOLN's private office and cabinet during the war.

—GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, of air-brake fame, has just paid a million and a half of dollars for 950 acres of land in Pennsylvania, where he proposes to erect a monstrous plate-glass factory. Superintendent PITCAIRN, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is said to be interested with Mr. WESTINGHOUSE in this scheme.

—General NEAL DOW says that the way he became a Prohibitionist was this: A woman in Portland, Maine, came to him and asked him to get her husband home one night, as he was drinking at a local saloon, and she knew if he went to his office intoxicated the next day he would be discharged. General DOW went after him, and upbraided the saloon-keeper for selling liquor to a man who had a family to support. The saloon-keeper replied that he too had a family to support, and that he had a license to sell liquors. That such a traffic as this should be licensed struck General DOW as being a crying sin, and he at once made up his mind to do all in his power for the cause of prohibition.

—Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT has rented Lord LOVAT's castle at Beaufort, Scotland, for the autumn shooting. This castle is built of old red sandstone, and is beautified with turrets, gables, and mullioned windows. It is three hundred feet long and eighty feet wide, and is one of the finest castles in Scotland.

—THOMAS A. EDISON is an inveterate pipe-smoker. He says that his old pipe beats all the cigars he ever tried, and it is said that he is now perfecting a new kind of pipe, which, though not smoked by electricity, will create a sensation among old smokers.

—General W. T. SHERMAN says that he enjoys life in New York because he meets so many people he knows, and because he has reduced his existence there down to "a fixed and pleasant routine." He goes to the theatre on an average of twice a week, drives every day, and spends a good deal of time at the Union League Club.

—HENRY F. HARRINGTON, the Superintendent of Public Schools in New Bedford, Massachusetts, who died the other day, was one of the oldest, as well as one of the ablest, authorities on educational matters in the country. He was born at Roxbury in 1814, graduated from Harvard in 1834, taught for two years in the Boston High-School, had several years' experience of editorial work, and finally settled down as a Unitarian clergyman, first at Albany, New York, and subsequently at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was from the pastorate of the Lee Street Church in the latter place that he was called, while still in the prime of life, to the place of Superintendent of Schools in New Bedford. His previous experience as a teacher, and his long service on the School Committee of Lawrence and of Cambridge, had given him a peculiar fitness for the work, in the discharge of which he has attracted the attention and gained the respect of educators throughout the United States.

THE GRAND ARMY CELEBRATION AT ST. LOUIS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 731.]

THE YACHT RACES FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

Mr. Burgess and General Paine have set a hard task before the British yacht designer and builder who contemplate turning out a yacht that shall be fast enough to come to this country and capture the *America's* cup. They must have something at least twelve minutes faster than the Scotch cutter *Thistle*, a boat which up to the time of her departure for this country was regarded as a wonder. In the opinion of those best informed in yachting matters in this country, they will find it impossible to do this with a keel yacht, and if they adopt the centre-board, and win the cup with a boat of that type, the victory would really be an American one, for this contest is not for the mere possession of the cup; it is what the cup represents—the yachting supremacy of the world—that alone gives it value. The contest of last week was simply to determine which type of yacht was the most speedy, the keel or the centre-board, and as has always been the result in this country, the centre-board won. As to which is the best vessel, no difference of opinion has ever existed among well-informed yachting men. The keel yacht is strongest, more roomy, a better sea-boat, and more comfortable in every way. It is said that the designer of the *Volunteer*, Mr. Burgess, has said that he thought he could build a keel yacht of the size of the *Volunteer* which would outsail her. It is to be hoped that some one of the wealthy men of the yacht clubs may give him the opportunity to try this experiment, as that would seem to settle the question definitely as to which type was the more speedy.

The contest between the *Volunteer* and the *Thistle*, September 30th, was as fair and square a one as was ever sailed. The wind was just of fair whole-sail strength, and there was only a moderate sea, not enough to be troublesome to either yacht. The victory of the American yacht was conclusive, the defeat of the Scotch yacht was final, and there can only be one explanation of it—the *Thistle* could not sail fast enough to win. From the very start the *Volunteer* gained, and ten minutes after the start it was apparent to all experts that if the wind held true, the *Volunteer* must win. Various times were mentioned as her probable lead at the outer mark, the most hopeful placing it at ten minutes. In point of fact it was over fourteen, and there has been no aspirant for the cup so badly beaten to windward in a steady whole-sail breeze. This result was the more satisfactory from the fact that it was felt that the first victory of the *Volunteer*, sailing over the club course, September 27th, proved nothing. It was too much in time to represent the relative qualities of the two yachts. It was conceded even by partisans of the *Volunteer* that could the *Thistle* have preserved her lead through the Narrows, she might have led all the way around the course. That is, could she, as the *Volunteer* did, have caught the freshening breeze of the Lower Bay, before her competitor, she would inevitably have secured a long lead, as the *Volunteer* did. So then the inside race was unsatisfactory, and proved nothing; but the outside contest settled the question beyond all controversy, and stamped the *Volunteer* as the faster yacht of the two. It was also evident that the result was not due to the fact that the wind was of just the requisite strength, for all who had seen the two yachts sail in the *Volunteer-Mayflower* trial race and in the first cup contest felt that had the wind been lighter the *Volunteer's* victory would have been just as conclusive, while in the event of its being a hard thrash, the cutter would have been worse beaten.

The question, then, may be considered as settled for the time being that the centre-board yacht, all things else being equal, is superior to the keel in speed. It is tolerably certain that the *Thistle* is superior to any keel yacht of her size in the world, and therefore, as stated, the task set for the British designer is a most difficult one, and there probably will not be another challenge for this cup for some years to come. At the time that the *Thistle* challenge was received, it was thought by many that she would be built to come into the second class—that is, under seventy feet—and in that event in all probability, the *Titania*—another of the Burgess models—would have been chosen to defend the cup; and judging by her performance thus far during this season the result would have been exactly the same, unless the British yacht had proven relatively more speedy than the *Thistle*, a probability which, judging from the latter's splendid record on the other side of the water, is extremely remote. It was the fear that a large yacht might be put against a boat of this class that probably prevented such a one from being built.

ISAAC PITMAN, OF BATH, ENGLAND, THE FATHER OF PHONOGRAPHY.—[See Page 730.]

The success of the *Volunteer* and *Titania* this season stamps Mr. Burgess as superior to any other man in this country as a designer of fast sailing vessels. To his happy combination of the keel with the centre-board the continued retention of the *America's* cup on this side of the Atlantic is due.

The *Priscilla* is an iron yacht of fine model, and exceedingly fast. She has the centre-board, but she lacked the keel, and had the defense of the cup been trusted alone to her in 1885, it would in all probability have gone to England in the locker of the *Genesta*; but in the *Puritan* appeared an entirely distinct type of boat—a keel boat to all intents and purposes, and with centre-board added. The *Mayflower* had little superior to the *Puritan* except size, and the *Volunteer* excels in lightness of material as well as in size, steel being much better for yacht-building than wood, lighter, stronger, drier, and with more perfect facilities for ballasting, the lead being poured into a trough, which forms an integral part of the vessel, while in the wooden yacht it has to be bolted on the outside, where there is not only danger of its being wrenched off, but where its great weight almost invariably causes the yacht to make water when being hard driven.

That Mr. Burgess can design a yacht of the same size as the *Volunteer* that will be more speedy than her is almost certain, for the haste in building the *Volunteer* caused her construction to be very imperfect. Given ample time, her builders, Pusey, Jones, & Co., of Wilmington, can turn out a boat very much her superior. Under such circumstances it may reasonably be predicted that the *America's* cup will remain on this side the Atlantic for the next five years.

THE BROOM-CORN HARVEST.

Benjamin Franklin was the most practical of men, and it is not unlikely that the culture of broom-corn (*Sorghum vulgare*) in the United States is due to him. It is said that having had given to him a short sprig of broom-corn coming from Africa, he found a seed or two, and planting these, first introduced this important agricultural product. If the consumption of soap marks the development of a country, in a minor way it may be advanced that the cultivation of broom-corn is an index of its cleanliness. The whisk-brush is peculiarly an article of American use, but the broom is in universal demand. The Shakers, at the close of the last century, grew broom-corn, using its product for their own wants, and began the making of brooms as a business about 1798. In Illinois the broom-corn harvest is of great value. In certain portions of that State, notably in Douglas and Coles counties, not less than 3000 men find employment in the broom-corn fields, engaged in tabling, cutting, threshing, and curing the broom-corn. Experience has shown that it is among the most remunerative of the agricultural products of the State. From statistics of the cost of raising the broom-corn, while manuring, planting, cutting, and the preparation of the product are estimated at $50 a ton, the selling price varies from $75 to $100, according to quality. Broom-corn culture has made rapid strides in Illinois. In 1883, according to the most carefully prepared estimates, the total value of the crop was $5,000,000. For this year the crop will probably be 150,000 tons, worth something like $11,250,000, the larger proportion of the broom-corn being grown in the counties of Douglas, Coles, Champagne, Henry, Mercer, and Knox. Broom-corn requires a fair soil, and, according to locality, may be planted from the middle of May to the beginning of June. About 500 pounds of broom-corn per acre is a fair yield. In the harvesting, which in the State of Illinois is just now being concluded, the stalks are first tabled, and by that is meant the stalks are bent over about three feet from the ground. Cutters are next used, which cut off the tops some eight inches below the brush. The cut brush is then hauled from the fields to the neighborhood of the sheds, where the stalk is run through cylinders to take out the seed. Then the brush is laid on shelves in the sheds to cure, care being taken, by means of thin layers, to allow the air perfect entrance. When the brush is dry it is baled like hay, and is then ready for a market. This year's production, owing to the dry season, may have some little diminished the length of the brush, but the quality is good. In those parts of Illinois where attention is given to broom-corn, at this season of the year buyers are numerous. The demand seems to be a constant one, for never is there a house built in the United States where the first requirement is not a broom.

HARVESTING BROOM-CORN.—From a Photograph.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISER FAREBROTHER GIVES JEREMIAH A WARNING.

JEREMIAH'S "talk" with Miser Farebrother proved to be not entirely to the satisfaction of the younger juggler, and the few days of happiness which yet remained to Phœbe were not disturbed by any intimation of the conspiracy into which the two men had entered, the successful issue of which would result in the destruction of the fondest hopes of her life. Jeremiah was impatient, and eager that Phœbe should be recalled home immediately; but Miser Farebrother would not have it so. Of the two he was infinitely the more wily and astute, and he dropped pearls of wisdom for the benefit of his crafty managing clerk. It told rather against Jeremiah that in the account he gave of his interviews with the Lethbridge party on the previous night he should accentuate every unpleasant and disagreeable word to which he had given utterance; he had an idea that by so doing he was impressing the miser with a deep sense of his wit and cleverness, the fact being that he produced quite an opposite effect.

"Never startle your game, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother. "A skilful sportsman goes quietly and patiently to work. I have not been in the habit of suddenly summoning my daughter from London, after having given her permission to remain there for a stated time. To do so now would only excite suspicion, and strengthen, perhaps, any opposition we have to meet with. Last night's proceedings are not in your favor. You spoke sarcastically, and made yourself generally objectionable. The tongue of that clever young person, Miss Fanny Lethbridge, must have wagged rarely against you after you took your departure. You rubbed them the wrong way, Jeremiah—a mistake, a great mistake. Instead of oil, you used vinegar. 'Tis a million to one that the lawyer scoundrel saw through you; you made an enemy of him when you might have thrown dust into his eyes."

"What does it matter?" said Jeremiah, rather sulkily. "I'm not afraid of him."

"It matters everything," retorted Miser Farebrother. "It matters that you exposed your hand, and gave your rival the advantage over you."

"My rival!" cried Jeremiah, with a dark frown.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" said Miser Farebrother, with a certain sly satisfaction at Jeremiah's discomposure. For himself, he was easy in his mind with respect to Phœbe. He had her oath, sworn upon her dead mother's prayer-book, that she would not marry without his consent, and he knew that she would rather die than break it. Jeremiah was not cognizant of this sacred promise, so cunningly wrung by Miser Farebrother from his daughter, and the miser, secure in the knowledge, could afford to laugh at his intriguing clerk, who thought himself his master's equal in duplicity. In Miser Farebrother's feelings there was something of the delight and the triumph which one rogue experiences when he overreaches another. "It looks like it, doesn't it? And we mustn't lose sight of the uncomfortable fact that Mr. Cornwall looks like a gentleman, while you, Jeremiah, you—not to mince the matter—look quite the other thing." He rubbed his hands with a sense of great enjoyment, and proceeded: "There you were, Jeremiah, sitting in the pit all the time this fine lawyer-gentleman was paying court to your sweetheart in a private box. And she blushing and hanging her head the while; and our dear friends the Lethbridges—"

"Damn them!" interposed Jeremiah, the blurting out of the expletive being some slight relief to his feelings.

"With all my heart! Damn them behind their backs, but bless them to their faces. That is the true and wise policy of life. Never take off your mask unless you are alone, or with me, Jeremiah. And there, as I was saying, while my daughter was blushing and hanging her head at the honeyed nonsense the gentleman-lawyer was pouring into her ears, were our dear friends the Lethbridges holding back, and doing all they could to break your tender heart. You owe them a good turn, Jeremiah."

"I will pay what I owe," said Jeremiah, fiercely. "They are working against me, and they shall live to rue it. When they play with men like me they play with edged tools. But doesn't all this go to prove that you should summon Miss Phœbe home at once—this very day?"

"No; it only goes to prove that I know how to conduct this matter better than you do. My daughter will return home on Tuesday or Wednesday; and then, Jeremiah, then you can commence your wooing in real earnest."

"You mean it?"

"I mean it. I can't afford to trick and deceive you."

"No," said Jeremiah, unaccountably—for one so shrewd—losing his guard; "I don't think you can." But he was ready the next moment to bite his tongue off for the indiscretion.

"That is right," said Miser Farebrother, with outward composure, "always be frank with me, Jeremiah—with me above all others. When you are conversing with me, drop the mask, as I advised you. It makes me understand the kind of metal I am dealing with, and how I must act to shape it to my will. And it is as well that you should understand, my lad"—and now there was in Miser Farebrother's voice a note of stern determination which caused Jeremiah to wince and to shift uneasily on his chair—"exactly how far it is safe to go with me. My will is law, and shall be while I live. We have made a bargain, you and I, and I shall abide by it as long as it suits me—no longer. You are not yet my son-in-law; you are my servant, and your future welfare depends upon me. Remember it, Jeremiah."

"Why do you speak to me like that?" whined Jeremiah. "If I happened to say something foolish, it was because my feelings were worked up. You helped to work them up, speaking in the way you did about your daughter and that—that beast! What I meant was, that I am sure you wouldn't deceive me. I know that I am dependent upon you, and I beg your pardon a thousand times." He so cringed and fawned that he seemed to become limp, and to grovel in the dust before the miser.

"You see, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother, slowly and deliberately, "though I am weak, I am not entirely powerless. My brain was never clearer, my will never stronger, than they are this day. At any moment, my servant as you are, my son-in-law as you hope to be, I could manage to pounce upon you in London, and clear you out of my office. Money will buy service, and I can buy it. Money will buy spies, and I can buy them. Let me have reason to suppose that you are playing me false, and this piece of paper is not more easily torn than you should be ruined. I hold out no threat; I simply warn you. We are not men of sentiment, you and I, Jeremiah, because we know that sentiment doesn't pay; it always ends in a loss. We are practical, hard-headed men, with a shrewd eye to our own interests. I don't blame you for that; I like you for it. We are associated with each other, you for your interests, I for mine; and that you have, and will have, the best of the bargain is a slice of luck for which you may thank this cursed rheumatism which racks my bones and makes my life a torture. But what I would drive into you is the conviction that I am more necessary to you than you are to me; that I could more easily do without you than you could do without me. Supposing you were dead"—Jeremiah started—"supposing you were dead," the miser repeated, complacently, "I should still have my business, which I could intrust to other hands, or wind up, as I pleased; my money would still be my own, and I could leave it to my daughter, or, if she offended and thwarted me, to some good charitable institution where my name would be revered, or to some church—I am not particular as to creeds, Jeremiah—where prayers would be offered up for my soul. Rheumatism doesn't necessarily kill a man; it makes his life a hell, but it seldom shortens it. Now I think of it I can even see advantages in it. It keeps a man in-doors; he can't be run over; he can't slip down on a piece of orange peel; he can't sit in a 'bus next to a person who has a fever or the small-pox. Why, it lengthens life instead of shortens it; the statistics are worth looking up. I am not what you call a reading man—I never was—but I can remember what I have heard, and when I was a young man I heard somebody say, 'Those whom the gods love die young.' Now you are young, Jeremiah, and the gods may love you. So, taking it altogether, the chances of my life against yours are rather in my favor. With respect to our particular business relations, I warn you to be careful; I may not be in such complete ignorance of your doings as you suppose me to be. That is all I have to say."

"It isn't very pleasant," said Jeremiah, thoroughly cowed, "after the years I've worked for you, to have to listen to all this, and just because I happened to let a word slip. What more can I do, except to beg your pardon again?"

"Let it pass, Jeremiah; I forgive you. All I require is obedience."

"I will give it to you, sir, as I have always done."

"And faithfulness. No tampering with me or what belongs to me." He looked up with a sour smile. "This little storm has cleared the air, Jeremiah."

"I hope so, sir. Everything stands as it did?"

"Everything stands, son-in-law that is to be. Be gentle in your wooing."

"I will, sir; I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Never mind gratitude. Be honest, obedient, and faithful. That is all I require of you."

In Jeremiah's heart, as he left Parksides that day, reigned a very cordial hatred toward Miser Farebrother. This feeling was intensified by genuine fear, for the miser's random shot, "I am not in such complete ignorance of your doings as you suppose me to be," had struck home. That he was guilty of acts in the conduct of the business intrusted to him, the discovery of which would place him in the criminal dock, no person, he believed, was aware but himself. But if the miser were to recover his health and strength so completely as to enable him to come to London and undertake the management of his own affairs for a few weeks, there would be scarcely any escape for the dishonest clerk. Account-books had been tampered with, money misappropriated, borrowed for a time, and never replaced; forgery even could be traced to his hand. "What does he know?" thought Jeremiah. "What does he really know—and how much? Or is it mere guess-work, suspecting me and everybody, as I dare say I should do in his place? Yes, it must be that, or he would not have waited so long before he had his fling at me." He began to feel more composed; his mother had informed him before he bade her good-by that it was absolutely impossible for Miser Farebrother to come to London unless he was carried there, and that but for her constant care and attention he could hardly be expected to live. It was a marvel to her, she said, how he had contrived to leave the house on the previous night to fetch his treasure, and to return unassisted. As it was, he had been compelled, much against his will, to call in a doctor, who had said that it required but slight exertion on the miser's part to bring on inflammation of the stomach, in which case, the doctor added, he would be very likely to die.

"He is too fond of his precious life," said Mrs. Pamflett to her son, "and too frightened of death, to run a risk. The doctor has ordered him to keep his room, and not to attempt to stir out of it for a fortnight at least. There is no fear of his pouncing upon you, as he threatened; but, oh, Jeremiah, what makes you in such a pucker at the thought of it?"

To which Jeremiah had replied that he did not care a brass farthing whether the miser came or kept away, but that he did not intend to be taken unawares, and to be interfered with without proper notice. He instructed his mother to write to him twice a day, morning and evening, informing him how the miser was. "And look here, mother," said Jeremiah; "it won't do you or me any harm if you are not quite so careful of him. Keep him prisoner till I am married to Phœbe, and everything will be right. After that he may go to the devil as soon as he likes!"

By the time he reached London, Jeremiah had recovered his composure, and had flattered himself into the belief that there was nothing to fear from the miser's threats. At all events, he would take care of himself. "He warned me to be careful," thought Jeremiah. "Let *him* be careful, or it will be the worse for him!"

Meanwhile Phœbe was enjoying a very heaven upon earth. There comes such a time to many, when life is sweet and beautiful, and all things are fair. Was there ever such a lover as Fred—so manly, so thoughtful, so devoted? Her heart throbbed with profound gratitude to the Giver of all good for the great happiness which had fallen to her lot.

"And, oh, dear aunt!" she said to Aunt Leth, "I have you to thank for it all."

"You have only yourself to thank," said Aunt Leth; "and Fred is the luckiest man in the world."

But with affectionate persistence Phœbe adhered to her belief that Aunt Leth was the ministering angel who had brought such light into her life.

"If you had not been so good to me, I should never have seen him. To be able to prove my gratitude to you, that is my most earnest wish—and Fred's. He never tires of speaking of you, aunt. I think he loves you almost as much as Bob does."

"It delights me to hear it, my dear child. He is a good man, and there is nothing but happiness before you."

At such a joyful spring-time she would not cast a cloud upon the young girl's heart by giving expression to the fear which filled her own, that Phœbe's father might place an obstacle in the way of the fair future which her union with Fred Cornwall would insure for her; but she never gazed upon Phœbe's sunny face without inward agitation and anxiety. At such a joyful spring-time all that is woful and sordid in surrounding aspect is touched with tender light; charity, that might have slept, dispenses blessings; the sight of suffering suffices for the exercise of practical sympathy. At such a joyful spring-time a pure maiden walks in paths of fairy color, and her heart is a holy of holies. Into the prayers breathed by the bedside comes the beloved name, comes infinite worship, come sacred visions, comes gratitude for life and life's blessings. When daylight shines, for him this bit of ribbon at her throat, for him this rose at her breast—slight things, made wondrous and strangely beautiful by the ineffable sweetness of love's young dream! Truly, life's spring-time.

"If you had your dearest wish," said Fred, "what would it be?"

"That this day might last forever," she whispered; "that we might never change."

"Darling!"

Thus passed the happy holiday, all too quickly. Then came a rude awakening.

"Our last night," said Fred, "for a little while. How shall I live when you are not with me?"

"Think of me," Phœbe murmured.

To-morrow was Wednesday, and it had been arranged that Aunt Leth and Fred were to accompany Phœbe to Parksides, and that Fred should ask Phœbe's father for her hand.

"Perhaps he will let you come back to London with us," said Fred.

She said she hoped so; and then, accompanied by her lover and her aunt, she travelled to Parksides to learn her fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LITTLE PARTY IN CAPTAIN ABLEWHITE'S ROOMS.

IN his vague allusions to a future carriage, and to his becoming, in course of time, as rich as the Rothschilds, Jeremiah Pamflett built, as he supposed, upon a very solid foundation. So have other men—such a one, for instance, as Mr. Lethbridge; but in the indulgence of his day-dreams Uncle Leth built his castles in the air, and extracted nothing but pure pleasure from them; intangible as they were, they invariably left a sweet taste in the mouth. It is to be doubted whether he really ever seriously inquired into their composition; he simply built them as he walked along, blind and deaf to the sterner realities of life by which he was surrounded, saw them grow under his magic touch, filled them with fair forms, and smiled gratefully and pensively as they faded away. He was, of course, a most unpractical being, otherwise he would occasionally have built a castle of terrors, peopled by unpleasant creatures, upon whose faces reigned frowns instead of smiles. Wise men, becoming acquainted with his imaginings, would have shaken their heads and cast pitying looks upon him; some even would have questioned his sanity; but it is by no means certain whether Uncle Leth was not wiser than they. Life is short, and, granted that a man performs his duties with a fair amount of conscientiousness, the next and altogether the wisest thing is to extract from life as much innocent enjoyment of one's days as opportunity affords. And whether that opportunity be upon the surface, for all men to see and understand, or be delved for in airy depths, or climbed up to in airy heights, is of little matter so that the good end is reached.

From these brief speculations it may be inferred that Jeremiah Pamflett had his day-dreams as well as Uncle Leth, and from our knowledge of their characters it may be judged that between the day-dreams of the one and the other there was a wide gulf. Uncle Leth's day-dreams brought happiness to all, and his best sense of enjoyment was derived from the blessings he shed around him. Jeremiah's day-dreams brought happiness to one—himself; and his best sense of enjoyment was derived from the wretchedness and misery the result he aimed at and the road he was treading could not fail to produce.

That is, supposing him to be successful; but it has happened that in digging pits for others, men have fallen into their own graves. Whether this was to be the case with Jeremiah Pamflett remained to be proved. He was altogether so sharp a fellow, so extraordinarily astute, such a "dab at figures," as he had declared, so completely "up" to every move on the board, so thoroughly conversant with the game of spiders and flies, that men of the world would have backed him to come out triumphant from any scheme upon which, after mature consideration, he had resolved to put a great stake. Consideration the most mature, study the most profound, calculations the most careful and precise, had led Jeremiah to the conclusion that he had discovered a means of making a great and rapid fortune. Those who are about to be let into the secret, and who have not had favorable opportunities of studying human nature from a sufficiently comprehensive panorama, will perhaps be surprised at the vulgarity of Jeremiah's discovery; and more surprised, maybe, because it is neither novel nor original.

To lead intelligently up to the disclosure it may be mentioned that some short time before Jeremiah Pamflett had conceived the ambitious idea of becoming Miser Farebrother's son-in-law, a business transaction introduced him to scenes altogether new to him. Of course it was a money-lending transaction, and the debtor, to whom in the first instance he had lent thirty pounds out of his own pocket, was a certain Captain Ablewhite. It may not have been his rightful name, but into this we will not too curiously inquire, nor into his antecedents; and yet he was undoubtedly well connected. He knew and mixed with a great number of "swells," and his name might occasionally be seen in some of the "society" papers; he dressed in most perfect taste, and was seldom seen without an expensive exotic in his button-hole; you would judge him from outward observance to be a man of good-breeding; he had had a sufficient education; his manners were easy, confident, smiling; he seemed to know everything and everybody—all of which did not prevent him from being chronically hard up. It may not have troubled him much, he was so accustomed to it; and although he met with many obstacles in his career of continual borrowing and seldom paying, there was never seen upon his face any but the pleasantest of smiling expressions. He was a good-looking man, with a handsome mustache and blue eyes, and he carried himself like a soldier; hence, maybe, his "captainship," though how captain, or captain of what, was never inquired into. Misery, it is said, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; so does such a career as Captain Ablewhite's. It was a career the successful steering of which required peculiar ingenuity, and the waters upon which it floated were not of the sweetest. One day Captain Ablewhite presented himself with his smiling face and his choice exotic at the office over which Jeremiah Pamflett presided. He came with the intention of borrowing a large sum of money, some three or four hundred pounds, upon a bill backed by half a dozen names. Miser Farebrother did not do an advertising business; you did not read in the papers that he was prepared to advance, immediately upon application, any amount of money, from ten pounds to ten thousand, without security, to noblemen and gentlemen; his connection was a private one, and new clients presented themselves at the office of their own accord, or through private recommendation. However it came about, there was Captain Ablewhite, ready and willing to confer an obligation upon Jeremiah Pamflett—believing him to be the principal, and Farebrother an assumed name, as is generally the case with money-lenders, either from being ashamed of their own, or from a wish to do their dirty work in the dark. Jeremiah, who was launching out for himself, and who, by fraudulently trading on his own account with his master's funds, was already making money, never contradicted a client upon this point when he scented some personal advantage, and he scented it in Captain Ablewhite. Here was an opportunity of worming himself into the society of swells, where pigeons most do congregate, and it was not to be thrown away. Jeremiah played with Captain Ablewhite, who was the soul of candor; he was a new kind of client for Jeremiah's study and observation, and the cunning young money-thirster saw a grand prospect of the future, through Captain Ablewhite's introduction, dotted by sons of peers and suckling young fools sowing their oats.

Now, out of this encounter, which came the victor, the man who desired to borrow the money, or the man who had to lend?

Nothing was done on the first day, but on the second Jeremiah was the possessor of a three-months' bill, well backed, for fifty pounds, and Captain Ablewhite walked out of the office with

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.

seven five-pound notes in his pocket. Instead of landing a large fish, Captain Ablewhite had landed a very small one, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he strolled away. It was not bad interest—fifty pounds for thirty-five, at three months; but Captain Ablewhite was content, even though upon Jeremiah Pamflett's table lay six of the gallant Captain's finest Havanas, which Jeremiah wrapped carefully in paper and put into a drawer.

This was the commencement of the business transactions of Jeremiah Pamflett and Captain Ablewhite, a recountal of the details of which is not necessary. Say, for general purposes, that their course was the usual course, and all is said that need be said. What it is important to mention is that one evening Jeremiah Pamflett found himself at the door of Captain Ablewhite's chambers in Piccadilly. Strictly speaking, it was night, the hour being eleven. Captain Ablewhite had been giving a little dinner to a few friends, and when Jeremiah's name was announced the men were beginning to play. There were two card-tables, five playing "poker" at one, six playing baccarat at another. Captain Ablewhite was at the baccarat table.

Jeremiah's visit was the result of a bargain. There had been a bill to be renewed, and Jeremiah had indirectly bid for the invitation.

"All right," said Captain Ablewhite; "come at eleven or twelve. Evening dress, you know."

He received his visitor with a smiling "How d'ye do?" and waved a general introduction by saying "Mr. Pamflett," his guests having been previously informed that "a fellow might drop in who finances for me." This was received with a laugh and some slight show of interest, "fellows who finance" for fellows who require it being very necessary joints in the society machine upon which Captain Ablewhite and most of his chums rode.

"He's a cub," said Captain Ablewhite, "but that's neither here nor there."

"The main point is," observed a middle-aged punter, "that he'll do a bill."

"Yes, that's it," said Captain Ablewhite.

Therefore Jeremiah Pamflett was not unexpected. The party, however, were too interested in their game to take much notice of him. "Make yourself at home," said Captain Ablewhite, pointing to a corner of the room, where there was a buffet, with drinks and cigars. All the men were smoking, and Jeremiah, with an assumption of ease by no means successful, helped himself. He knew the quality of Captain Ablewhite's cigars, and appreciated them. That he put a handful in his pocket on the sly was, as Captain Ablewhite had said, "neither here nor there."

With his cigar in his mouth, Jeremiah stood at the tables and looked on. The game of "poker" he did not understand, but his eyes glittered as he saw the free flowing of notes and gold, and the easy way in which money was lost and won. By close peering and study he soon mastered the rudiments of the game, and followed the play. It was a ten-pound limit, the minimum "ante" half a sovereign. At first he was confused at the "bluffing" which took place, but what he learned convinced him that money was to be won by cool heads, and his heart beat more quickly than usual when he saw a player with nothing in his hand take a large pool. He stood for some time at the baccarat table, and watched the game there. It was much more easily mastered than poker, and in a very few moments he understood it fairly well.

"You don't play?" said Captain Ablewhite to him, who held the bank at that moment.

"No," said Jeremiah; "not to-night."

At each table there was a player who profited by the indifferent play of his comrades, and who, according to Jeremiah's just calculation, was bound to rise a winner. "It is easy enough," said Jeremiah, mentally; "only what they win they don't keep. *I* would!" A new world seemed to be opening out to this young man—a new world filled with fools emptying their purses into his. Why not? He did not disturb or interfere with the players, and although one superstitious man fidgeted about uneasily when Jeremiah stood at his back looking over his cards, Jeremiah's conduct was sufficiently unobtrusive and quiet not to excite displeasure.

At about two o'clock there was a kind of informal supper, of which Jeremiah freely partook, amazed at the profusion of good things handed about by the waiters. The liberality was a revelation to him, but he was discreet enough to betray no outward surprise. He was taking a lesson which he meant to profit by. Most men would have drunk too much, and most of the men in Captain Ablewhite's rooms did, but not Jeremiah Pamflett; still the two or three glasses of champagne he drank (the glasses being goblets) had a slight effect upon him. He maintained his equilibrium, however, physically and mentally. The fortunes of the night had pretty well declared themselves: three men had lost each some hundreds of pounds, and were desperately striving to get it back by plunging; others had lost in a lesser degree; the only winners were Captain Ablewhite and the two cool-headed players, one at each table, who continued playing their steady game. Jeremiah thought he would try his luck, and he took a sovereign from his pocket, and followed in the wake of the cool-headed gamester at the baccarat table. He won, and staked it again, and won. No one took any notice of his winnings, which were pushed across to him quite carelessly. At half past four in the morning Jeremiah walked out of Captain Ablewhite's rooms with forty odd sovereigns winning money in his pocket. He walked along in a high state of elation, with his hand in his trousers pocket, clutching the gold and counting it. Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four. Yes; forty-four sovereigns. And so easily won!

He felt quite fresh, although it was his habit to be in bed before midnight. He reviewed the scene at which he had been present, recalled different hands of cards he had seen dealt out, and the course of the play, and calculated how much he might have won had he done this or that. That he would have done the right thing always he was sure; and it is likely he was correct, because it was a simple matter of calculation of odds and chances. One of the cool-headed players had won six hundred pounds; the other, four hundred. "I might have done the same," thought Jeremiah.

Captain Ablewhite had said something to him before he left.

"I wonder you don't play a bit. With your head for figures you would win a fortune."

That was it: with his head for figures. "I could snuff them all out," he thought.

Captain Ablewhite had also said, "Drop in to-morrow at two or three."

In compliance with this invitation, Jeremiah walked up the stairs of the house in Piccadilly at half past two o'clock on the following day. In this—the being master of his time, left entirely to himself to do as he pleased—lay the great value of his situation with Miser Farebrother. He was his own master. With the miser eternally at the office, looking over him, niggling and naggling at this and that, Jeremiah would have had but scant opportunities for attending to Number One.

At the door of the outer of Captain Ablewhite's rooms stood a man-servant, who asked Jeremiah's name.

"Mr. Pamflett," said Jeremiah. "Captain Ablewhite expects me."

"If you will wait here a moment," said the man, "I will tell Captain Ablewhite."

He returned very quickly, and Captain Ablewhite with him.

"Ah, Mr. Pamflett," said the Captain. "Just one word." He drew Jeremiah aside: "What you see inside is private."

"Not to be spoken of?" said Jeremiah, rather mystified.

"Not to a soul," said Captain Ablewhite. "Is that settled?"

"Yes."

"Come along, then."

The rooms had undergone a transformation. There was an air of serious business about them and the twenty or thirty men assembled there. Every one of the men had a little book, which he consulted, and in which he was making calculations. At two tables sat two clerks with account-books. There was a "tape" in the room, and a man standing by it reading the messages aloud.

"False start," this man said, aloud, as Jeremiah Pamflett entered.

"Go and help yourself," said Captain Ablewhite, pointing to the buffet, which was in its accustomed corner, crowded with bottles, glasses, cigars, and sandwiches.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

By MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH IN TROUBLE.

PRESIDENT DUPIN, the greatest French jurisconsult of the century, once said: "If I were accused of having carried off the towers of Notre Dame in my pockets, I would run away." A more severe criticism upon our judicial procedure could not have been pronounced. But is it too severe? Could you believe, for instance, that upon the least suspicion a French magistrate may order, on his own responsibility—a responsibility which no one has a right to question—a search or an arrest in any private house? He may issue such a warrant upon any presumption uncorroborated upon oath.

In France we give almost unlimited arbitrary powers to a legion of magistrates, whom we expect to live in a state of independence on a salary of sixty, seventy, eighty, or one hundred pounds a year, and who are for the most part the failures of our Bar. I warrant that there are more judges in a French town of 50,000 inhabitants than in the whole of England—quite as many, at all events. Judicial reforms have long been demanded by the democratic party, but none have been made, and I am bound to say that nothing excites public minds in France less than what passes in the courts of justice. When the Frenchman has paid his taxes, he thinks the government ought to see that everything is right. There are few countries, as I have said elsewhere, in which democratic tendencies are more marked than in France. In spite of this, public opinion does not concern itself about judicial proceedings, because there is no country in which authority is less respected, although, strange to say, there is not one in which it is more feared and more easily submitted to. We seem to accept all forms of tyranny, in order to shirk all responsibility. Democracy with us chiefly consists in holding up to ridicule a despotism, the acts of which we in turn approve by holding up to ridicule those who are the victims of it.

Let us see how French justices proceed with "Frenchmen in trouble."

When, in England, a man is arrested and informed of the charge brought against him, he says, "Very well, you will have to prove it," and the inspector at the police station says to him, "I must caution you against making any statement; in fact, anything you may say will be used as evidence against you." When, in France, a man is accused, say, for instance, of stealing a watch, he is brought before the commissary of police, who invariably says to him, "You are charged with stealing a watch; the best thing you can do is to make a full confession, and the judge will be lenient with you." If he is guilty, and knows that the case is clear against him, he immediately makes a clean breast of it, and, as a rule, is quickly and leniently dealt with. But if he is innocent, or, if guilty, he thinks he can get out of the scrape, he of course answers, "You are mistaken; I am not guilty," and his troubles begin. He is sent to prison, and the following day is taken before the examining judge, called *juge d'instruction*, not in public, but in a private room. There this magistrate says to him point-blank: "You say you are not guilty, of course; if we were to listen to all of you, none would be guilty. Now enough of that nonsense; you are charged with stealing a watch: prove that you are innocent." Now if the prisoner is guilty, it must be difficult for him to prove that he is innocent; but, for that matter, if he is innocent, it may be just as difficult. If the first comer were to accuse me of having stolen his umbrella a few days ago, I could more easily say that I was innocent than to prove it. "So you persist in your denial," says the examining judge to the French prisoner; "very well, I will send you back to your prison. I hope that next time I send for you, you will have reflected, and discovered that the best way to serve your own interests is to make a full confession." Now this is evading the law, which says that a man arrested shall, the day after his arrest, appear before a judge. The letter of the law is carried out, but not the spirit, for no examination takes place, and very often no sworn evidence exists. The prisoner goes back to jail, and the magistrate begins to get up the case against him. If the accusation is of a serious character, the man is placed *au secret*, that is to say that not only he cannot communicate with his friends, much less see them, but he cannot even see his counsel or receive any legal advice. How long is he to remain in preliminary imprisonment before being sent to a tribunal? This entirely depends on the good pleasure of the examining magistrate, who is allowed by the law to keep him a year under examination. If at the end of the year the case is not sent for trial, the prisoner is discharged. I should, however, hasten to add that, as a rule, for an ordinary theft or an offence that does not require long investigation, the accused undergoes *only* from two to six months' preliminary imprisonment before he is brought before his judges. During that time he is brought once or twice a month to the *Palais de Justice*, to be asked by the judge if "he still persist in his denial." These visits to the examining judge are most dreaded by French prisoners, especially in Paris. They sometimes have six, eight hours to wait for their turn, in a little dungeon six feet square, where they get neither food nor air. It is nothing short of torture, this inquisitional examination in private. When in the evening the prisoner sees his cell again, it must look to him like paradise compared to the hole he had to creep into during the day. At last, one day he receives intimation that his trial will take place.

But now mark well where the system is wrong. The prosecuting magistrates, called the *magistrature debout* (because they prosecute *standing*), and the judging magistrates, called the *magistrature assise* (because they try cases in a *sitting* position), belong to the same set. Indeed, the prosecuting magistrates are in time promoted to be sitting magistrates. The prosecution is not, therefore, independent as the defence is. The prisoner's case is settled before he appears in court, for both prosecuting and sitting magistrates have held a consultation over it, and the speech of the prosecution is merely delivered for form's sake.

The bench of the *Police Correctionelle* is composed of three judges, so that at least one may be listening when the other two are asleep. These men have power to award as much as five years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision. Nothing is more prosy than the proceedings of this court of justice, unless some waggish prisoner be bent on enlivening them by exhibiting his wit in his answers.

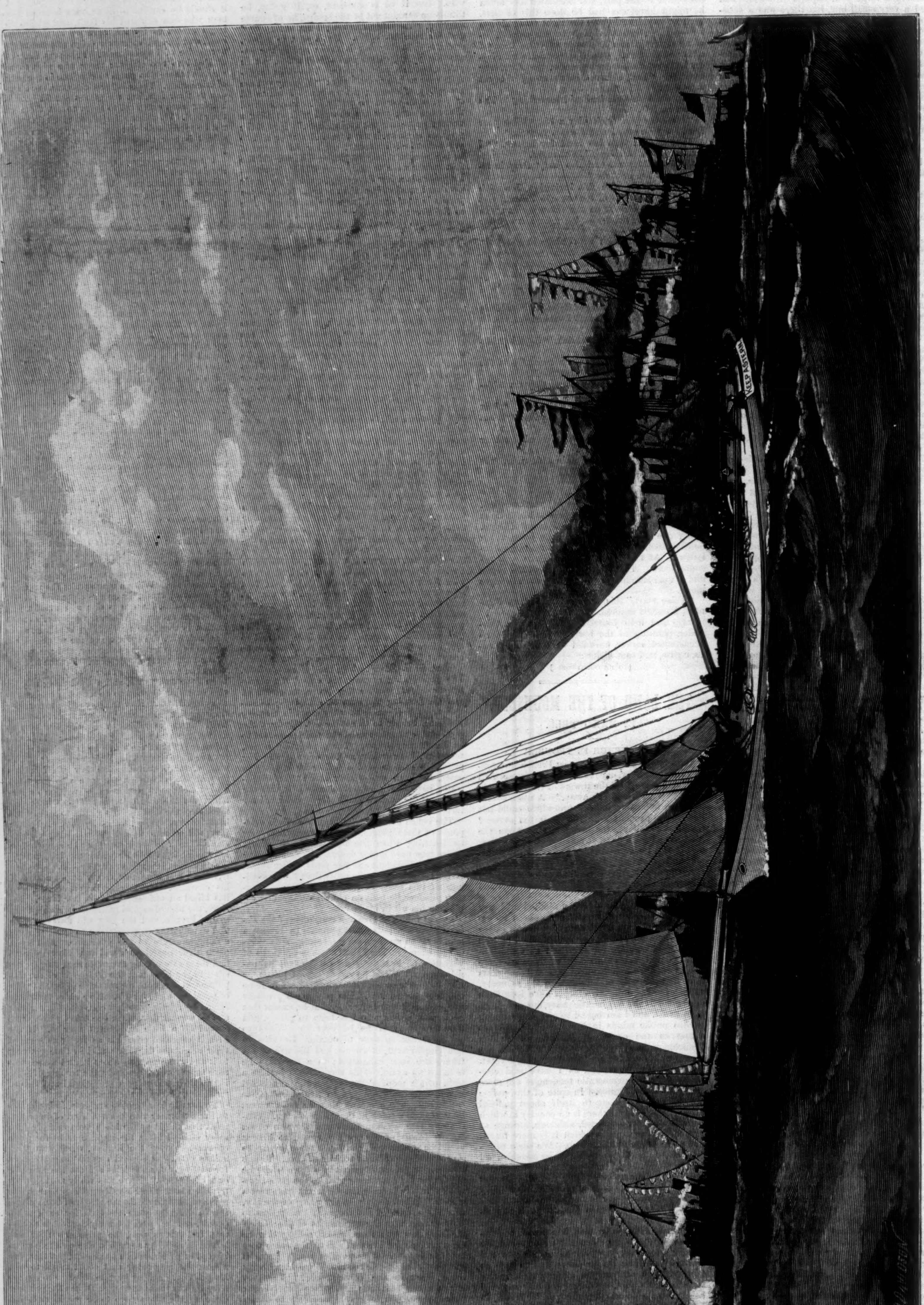
One of the most frequent customers of the *Police Correctionelle* is the vagrant. In France a man is taken up for having no recognized means of subsistence. The first time he is convicted of vagrancy he is sentenced to three months' imprisonment. When he comes out of prison he may have five or six francs in his pocket, if he has been industrious. His position is precisely the same as it was before he went in, except that he is now a man who has been to prison, and therefore work, if he be ever so anxious to get it, is not so easy to obtain. He fails to find employment, of course, and his five or six francs are soon exhausted; in a few days he is taken up again. This second time, besides a term of six months' imprisonment, the accused has to undergo from two to five years' police supervision, which means that he must report himself once a week at the police station. Considering that, by law, Paris and the five or six largest towns of France are closed to him, it would be just as well, and much more human, to give him transportation for life at once. How is he likely to get employment in a town where he is seen paying his weekly visit to the police station? In the large cities he might have had a chance. When society, in the name of the law, deprives a man of his liberty, it undertakes to provide him with the necessaries of life; but if it discharges him from prison, telling him he must provide for himself, and at the same time imposes constraints upon him which make it practically impossible for him to earn an honest living, what is the consequence? Vagrancy brings a condemnation and police supervision; police supervision brings impossibility to obtain work; impossibility to obtain work brings vagrancy. This is the vicious circle in which he is virtually enclosed.

It must be owned that the disgrace which attaches to a man who has forfeited his honor is quite just in itself: it is but an element of social order. As a collective individual, society should arm itself against the dangers that menace its peace, but its severities should be intelligent, and it should be careful to distinguish between the man who has expiated his fault, and wishes to begin afresh to try and earn an honest livelihood, and him who shows no sign of repentance nor desire of improvement. Prisoners may be divided into two classes: those who wish to do well, and those who mean to continue in the path of criminality. These latter society can but abandon to their fate, but the others should have a helping hand extended to them to set them on their feet. They should be helped to obtain work, not be mercilessly cast out. The problem to be solved is how to provide means for society to judge between these two classes of offenders.

If the proceedings of the *Police Correctionelle* are dull and prosy, those of the Court of Assizes offer a different sight. We are now in a perfect theatre. Nothing is wanting but stage-boxes and the division of the seats into stalls and galleries. The prisoner himself often forgets his awful position, and thinks of the public who gaze at him. He feels like a sort of hero, the actor in whom the interest of the grand spectacular drama concentrates. Ladies of the highest society flock to the court, duly provided with scent-bottles and extra pocket-handkerchiefs. If, as is the case in France nine times out of ten, a woman is the cause of the prisoner's terrible position, they expect sensational scenes that would draw at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, and they are seldom disappointed. At last a little bell is rung. All are silent and breathless. The accused, accompanied by two gendarmes, enters the court, and sits on a high bench, well in view of everybody. Then come the three judges, with their scarlet gowns, followed by the advocate-general, or public prosecutor. All take their seats solemnly. The performance is about to begin.

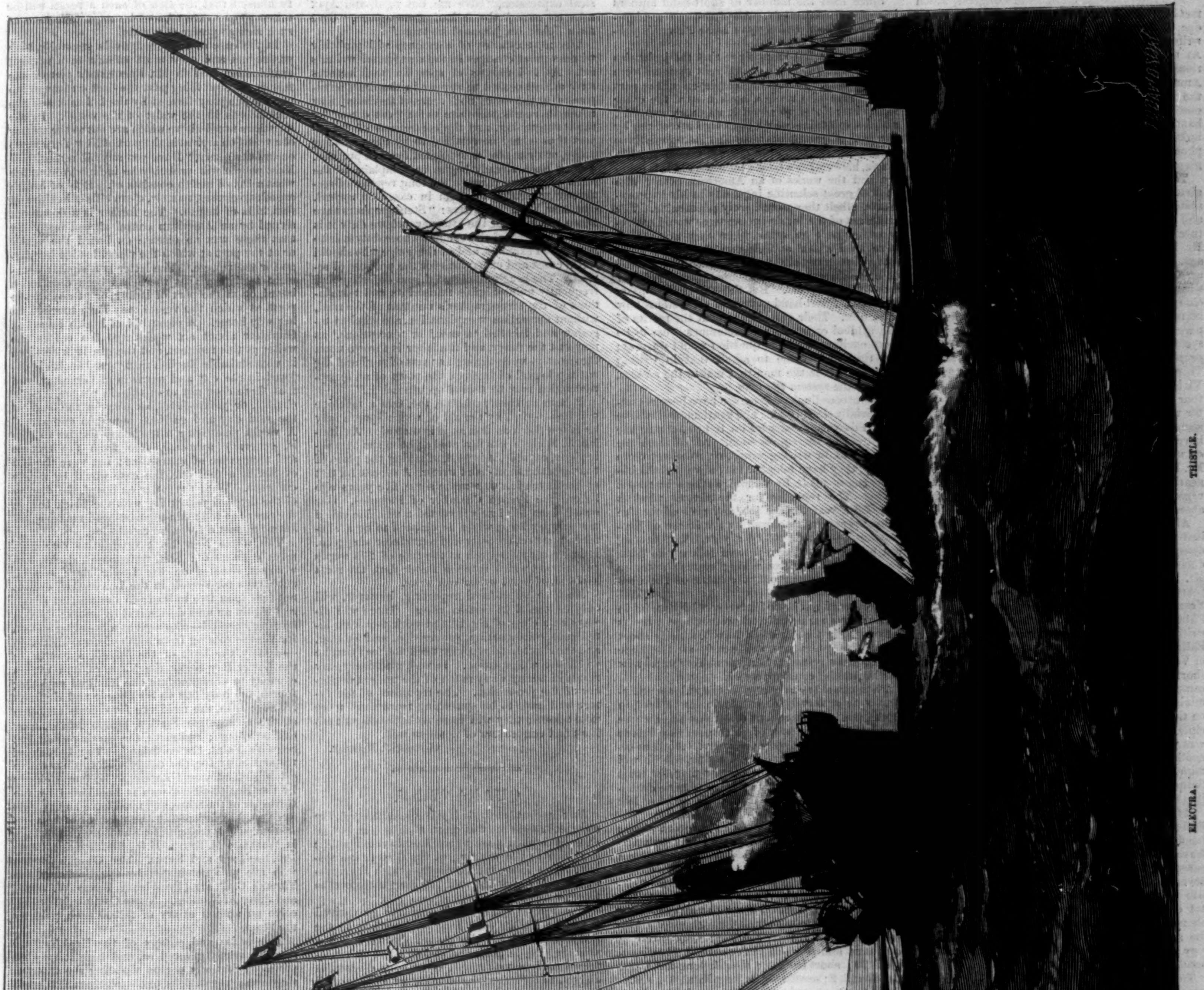
"Prisoner at the bar," says the presiding judge, "stand up, and give me your name and surname." Then the examination of the accused by the judge begins. I cannot help thinking that the French are right in examining the prisoner before the jury. The French eye is remarkably quick to detect expression, and it seldom fails to understand the movement of the muscles of the face. Emerson said he knew an experienced counsel, who once said to him that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who did not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. Faces never lie. Truth tyrannizes over the unwilling parts of the body. No man need be deceived who will study the changes of expression. When a man speaks the truth, in the spirit of truth, his eye is clear and steady. When he lies, his eye is dim and muddy, and sometimes asquint. When the prisoner's examination is over, the proceedings continue, as in England, with the evidence of the witnesses, the speech of the public prosecutor, and the speech of the counsel for the defence. For the last few years the summing up of the presiding judge has been done away with, and a good thing too, for this summing up used to be a second speech for the prosecution. Now the jury retire to consider their verdict. In all cases, from murder to assault, from forgery to ordinary theft, the jury have to answer the two following questions: (1) Is the prisoner guilty of the crime he is charged with? (2) Are there extenuating circumstances? Take murder, for instance. The law itself makes no distinction between the man who has committed murder in a moment of passion or jealousy, and the cold assassin who has long premeditated the death of his victim to satisfy the basest of cravings, but humanity does. A French jury will always award "extenuating circumstances" to a prisoner who may be supposed to have committed murder under the influence of love, jealousy, revenge, or despair—love especially. They will not uncommonly acquit a man, if his character is otherwise irreproachable, who has killed an unfaithful wife or her lover. Besides, the idea of capital punishment is abhorrent to the French, and the jury will always try to find extenuating circumstances to avoid sending a fellow-creature to the guillotine. And even when their consciences will not allow them to find these extenuating circumstances, they fondly cling to the hope that the President of the Republic will commute the sentence of death to one of penal servitude for life. No wonder that there should be relatively so few executions in France; and no wonder that, when one takes place, there should be a little excitement over it. If the French executed criminals as freely as some of their neighbors do, they would in time get used to it and make no fuss about it, and would thus save some foreign reporters the trouble of sending to their newspapers sensational accounts of "Exciting Scenes at the Scaffold."

To turn to less sombre subjects, I should like to say a word or two upon a kind of imprisonment that the Republic has almost entirely done away with—I mean the imprisonment for press offences. Under the Empire, republican journalists often got several months' imprisonment for writing violent articles against the Emperor or his Ministers. There was really nothing very terrible about these condemnations except the name of the thing. At the prison of Ste. Pélagie special quarters were reserved for such delinquents, and they were tolerably comfortable quarters, too. It is true, the prisoner's door was locked at night by some one else on the outside instead of by himself on the inside, but that was almost the only thing that could recall to him his position. All day long he was free to receive friends from the outer world. When the prisoner came out, he was a hero to be worshipped, and his sojourn at Ste. Pélagie often led to promotion and sometimes to a seat in the House of Deputies. If it did not procure him this honor, it was a powerful testimonial in case he ever needed another journalistic post. He was always proud to add at the foot of his list of recommendations, "Have suffered three months' imprisonment at Ste. Pélagie."



THISTLE.

THE FIRST DAY'S RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE "VOLUNTEER" RUNNING IN FROM SANDY HOOK.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 725.]



VOLUNTEER. ELECTRA. THISTLE.

THE SECOND DAY'S RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE START FROM THE FLAG-SHIP "ELECTRA" ON THE OUTSIDE COURSE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 725.]

FIFTY YEARS OF SHORT-HAND.

The International Short-hand Congress, which met September 26th, for a week's session, in London, England, will be remembered by short-hand writers all over the world for many years to come. At this Congress there were discussions on various phases of the art by representatives from America, Germany, France, Holland, and Russia; the issue of Dr. Timothy Bright's *Characterie*, one of the earliest English manuals of short-hand, was commemorated, and the proceedings included a jubilee celebration of the invention of phonography, this year marking the fiftieth anniversary of that important event.

To Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England, must be given the credit of producing the most popular system of short-hand that has ever been used, and upon the general principles of which all future systems of writing by signs will be based. Mr. Pitman is now nearly seventy-five years of age. As a lad he received a common-school education, was clerk in his father's cloth-mill, and when seventeen years of age mastered one of the old systems of stenography (Taylor's), with which he reported slow speakers. Subsequently he prepared a manual of short-hand founded on this system, and later issued a book called *Stenographic Sound-Hand*, or sign-writing by sound. This was published in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's coronation, Mr. Pitman being twenty-four years of age. Since then Mr. Pitman, who for many years has been his own publisher, has issued many books on phonography, all of which have had a large sale; of one of them, *The Teacher*, more than a million copies have been sold. Mr. Pitman in his old age is a hard worker. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been a strict vegetarian, eating neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and abstaining from wine, beer, and liquors.

Although Isaac Pitman has always been credited with the invention of phonography, a recent discovery seems to show that an American introduced the phonetic principle some years before Mr. Pitman published his *Sound-Hand*. A few years ago a book on short-hand was found in Vermont, written many years before by the Rev. Phinehas Bailey, and in which certain rules for writing by sound are clearly laid down. Mr. Bailey was born in New Hampshire, and settled in Vermont when he was a youth. He studied short-hand from a pamphlet on the subject that came in his way when he was preparing for the ministry. Years after, he endeavored to improve on this cumbersome system. The phonetic principle is said to have occurred to him while he was walking home one day. His wife saw him smiling, and asked him if he had found a gold mine. He replied, "If it were not contrary to Scripture, I should say that I have had a revelation from Heaven."

After working hard at his new system, Mr. Bailey published a small book on writing short-hand by sound. This was in 1819, at which time Isaac Pitman was only six years old. This book passed through many editions, but the system never became generally popular, and it is only of late that attention has been called to it. It is not claimed by any one that Pitman took his phonetic idea from Bailey; both men worked on the same lines, and though Bailey's system is very ingenious, Pitman's is better adapted to practical use.

To prevent confusion in the mind of the reader some explanation of general terms is necessary. The word "short-hand" is applied to any system of writing by signs. "Stenography," or the old system of short-hand, was based on our common alphabet, a sign being provided for each letter, and words being written with the vowels omitted. Some of the old systems provided signs for certain sounds, but it remained for Pitman to discover the sounds of the whole language and provide a sign for each. In "phonography" all words are written by sound, without any reference to the way they are spelled. To illustrate: the word "they," *tha*; "writing," *riting*; "though," *tho*, etc.

The forms, or signs, in the old systems were long, awkward to make, and cumbersome, but the old stenography, in competent hands, answered all practical purposes. For several generations a family of stenographers have done the reporting of the English House of Parliament, using a short-hand based on a system invented by Thomas Gurney, an ancestor, who reported in Parliament a century ago. In our own Congress there have been official reporters who used the old systems, and one of them, William Hinckes, who died eight years ago, was, according to the authority of an old New York phonographer, the most rapid short-hand writer that has ever been seen in the United States. Mr. Hinckes wrote pure stenography—*i. e.*, a separate sign for each letter of our common alphabet. He used few arbitraries, or special signs, and his notes, written on unruled paper in a large hand, would strike terror into the ghost of an Egyptian mummy; the signs looked as bad as a combination of Egyptian hieroglyphics and cuneiform writing.

Stenography is laughed at by many phonographers, but the fact is that it is just as practicable as the newer system, only it requires more practice to become proficient. It has certain advantages over phonography: the signs can be written without regard to lines, and there is no distinction between light and heavy strokes, as there is in writing phonography. But phonography is scientific, and, in spite of some disadvantages connected with it, will always be popular.

Text-books on phonography began to appear in the United States in 1845, the first ones being published by Andrews & Boyle. In 1848 Oliver Dyer, now and for a long time the editor of the New York *Ledger*, started a phonographic journal. In the same year Elias Longley, of Cincinnati, entered the field of phonographic authorship, and in 1851 there arrived in this country a brother of Isaac Pitman, who soon became an active publisher of text-books, his works being in demand up to the present time.

Since 1854 the number of short-hand authors has grown enormously. All of the systems, however, have been based upon Isaac Pitman's phonography.

It is only a few years since that the jealousies between the followers of different systems were at fever-heat. The feeling displayed on the part of one man who made a book toward the other man who refused to adopt it was very amusing, and its existence would scarcely be credited by laymen. About twenty years ago there were three systems of short-hand in general use—Isaac Pitman's, his brother's books published in this country, and the works of an American author who showed great scientific ingenuity in his improvements, albeit they were hardly practicable. The followers of the latter two systems would scarcely recognize each other when they met—they were as Puritan and Roman Catholic—while Isaac Pitmanites, always Englishmen just arrived on our shores, were looked upon as a species of short-hand suspects. But those days have passed away. Short-hand writers of all systems now fraternize. Their arguments about the merits of one symbol over another sometimes seem to be more exciting than the question would warrant; but they have come to admit that in writing short-hand it is the man that makes the system, and not the system the man.

The proceedings of Congress have been reported officially since 1850. The gentlemen who have done this work, and who do it now, are at the very head of their profession. All of them use long forms in writing words, or, to speak more clearly, they have adopted few, if any, of the improvements made by various authors in recent years. The reporter for the Senate receives $25,000 a year for the job, and each of the five official reporters employed by the House of Representatives is paid $5000 a year. In reporting the proceedings the reporters follow one after another, each reporter taking enough notes to make, when written out, a column of the *Congressional Globe*.

Short-hand has been found especially useful in preserving a record of legal proceedings. It was introduced in the courts of New York city about twenty-five years ago, and nearly all the State courts of the principal States and Territories now employ official court reporters.

Phonographers are now employed as amanuenses to a very large extent in law offices, in stores, and by corporations of various kinds where a considerable amount of correspondence has to be attended to promptly every day. Authors occasionally use the short-hand writer, but he will never be popular with the literary man, for most writers of books and important magazine contributions cannot "think out" their articles fast enough to utilize the swift-handed scribe. Besides, most writers prefer to do their work alone; the presence of a second party is apt to make them nervous, and be a hinderance rather than a help. But every author and writer, certainly every journalist, should possess a knowledge of elementary short-hand. The time saved over the common writing would amount to years in a long life. In the following words the number of movements required to write the word respectively in long-hand and short-hand are given: *Ease*, long-hand, 30; short-hand, 2; *though*, long-hand, 24; short-hand, 2; *accommodate*, long-hand, 43; short-hand, 2; *incomprehensible*, long-hand, 50; short-hand, 5.

Professional short-hand work, to speak plainly, is drudgery, but it is well-paid drudgery, and a competent hard-working short-hand writer earns every dollar that he makes. The salaries of official court stenographers in New York run from $2000 to $3000, with extra fees for transcribing their notes. In other States the yearly earnings of short-hand court reporters will average about $1500. The reporters of Congressional committees each receives $4200 yearly. The private shorth-and secretary to the President is paid a salary of $1800; Secretary Fairchild's stenographer, $2500; and Secretary Endicott's, $2000. The pay of the short-hand amanuenses runs from $10 to $30 a week, the higher wages being paid to exceptionally competent workers.

Twenty years ago the newspapers were in the habit of making full reports of lectures and meetings, and short-hand reporters were in great demand for journalistic work. That is all changed now. It is so rare that full short-hand reports are required by the newspapers that such work is given to men specially employed for the occasion; they are paid from $6 to $10 a column.

The mistakes made by inexperienced or ignorant stenographers in transcribing their notes form an amusing part of the short-hand writer's reminiscences. The same short-hand sign will sometimes stand for two or more words having an entirely different meaning, and unless a reporter has good common-sense and is careful in writing out his notes he is liable to make the most ridiculous errors. To illustrate: A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet: "But come, thou goddess fair and free, in heaven ycleped Euphrosyne," and had the pleasure of reading the next morning, "But came that goddess fair and free, in heaven she crept and froze her knee." The Latin phrase, *Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas*, was translated, "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas." An English judge who took short-hand notes found himself unable to read a sentence in his manuscript, and asked a reporter to help him out. "It looks like, 'Go and call the baby,'" he said. The sentence turned out to be, "Go and call the bobby" (policeman). Among other ludicrous examples of short-hand mistakes are, "grocery seats" for "gross receipts"; "damn rickety knees" for "tamarack knees"; "counsel brought pauper in evidence" for "counsel offered paper in evidence"; "coal-porter" for "colporteur"; "she appeared to be somewhat knee-sprung and nervous" for "she appeared to be somewhat unstrung and nervous." For the classical expression, "Give me but light, and Ajax asks no more," the following was given, "Give me a light; oh, jackass! no more."

The next quarter of a century will probably witness great changes in the short-hand writer's art. As full reports of speeches and lectures have almost ceased to appear in the daily newspapers, so the voluminous notes of testimony now taken in courts will have to be "cut down" by the stenographer, and the correctness of the report thus edited be certified to by the presiding judge, or some official appointed for that purpose. Judges have already begun to complain of the labor of wading through the long reports of testimony presented to them in cases on appeal. One New York judge says: "Stenographers have taken the place of the attorneys whose duty it is to prepare, and of the counsel whose duty it is to peruse and examine, and of the judge who should settle cases and exceptions for the purpose of review. The rough, ill-digested, and defective and frequently unintelligible transcripts and translations of the stenographer's minutes of the trial, without correction or explanation, are stitched together and labelled 'a case,' or 'exceptions,' as may suit the fancy, and the labor is thrown upon the court to wade through a mass of stuff and dig out the kernel of facts on the point of an exception which may be buried up beneath it."

It is more than probable, too, that a machine will be invented by the aid of which speech may be taken down as fast as it is uttered. An Italian, M. Michela, has invented a phono-stenographic piano, capable, it is said, of taking the place of the verbatim short-hand writer. A successful test of the invention was made some five years ago before the French Chamber of Deputies. Our own Edison has lately invented a machine called the graphophone, which is claimed to be a simple but perfect recorder and reproducer of speech. It has recorded speech at the rate of 275 words per minute, which is much faster than the most rapid short-hand writer can write.

Machine short-hand reporting, however, will only be useful in certain cases. There will always be a class of short-hand work requiring intelligent condensation, supervision, and editing, and the short-hand reporter need not fear that he will lose his occupation. Indeed, machinery may result in taking away much of the present drudgery of the profession. The reporters of the future will have to be something more than mere note-takers; they will have to be intelligent editors and condensers of notes as well.

GEORGE J. MANSON.

QUARANTINE.

The recent arrival from Marseilles of the steamer *Alesia* in this port with a number of cholera-stricken passengers has directed public attention to the working of the Quarantine system. The following description, with the illustrations on pages 728 and 729, may therefore be found timely.

The term "quarantine"—said to be derived from the Italian for "forty"—according to the lexicographers, "is the period during which a ship arriving in port, and suspected of being infected with a malignant, contagious disease, is obliged to forbear all intercourse with the shore." Thus, a ship arriving in New York at the present time, and having on board, or suspected of having on board, a case of cholera or yellow-fever, is at once cut off from all intercourse with the shore or with any neighboring vessel, the detention of the vessel depending upon the Health-officer of the port. A vessel arriving in the Lower Bay with the national ensign flying aft, to denote that she is from a foreign port—let us suppose a port infected with cholera—sails or steams up to a position at some distance from the shore, termed the "boarding station." Here the master must "bring to," under a heavy penalty. The doctor comes alongside in the little Quarantine steam-boat, the *G. C. Preston*, and before any one goes on board, the following questions are put to the master: "What is the name of the vessel and of the master? From what port have you come? Was there any sickness at the port while you were lying there or at the time you left it? Have you any bill of health? If so, produce it. What number of officers, crew, and passengers have you on board? Have any of them suffered from any kind of illness during the voyage? If so, state it, however trifling it may have been. Is every person on board in good health at this moment?" Should the master refuse to answer any of these questions, or give a false answer to any of them, the refusal or falsehood subjects him to a heavy fine or imprisonment, or both; and if the questions have been put upon oath, and he returns a false answer, he is liable to punishment for wilful and corrupt perjury. The inspection being completed, and cholera, we will suppose, being found to exist, the vessel is obliged to proceed at once to the quarantine station selected. Every person on board must remain there until the vessel is released. Should any one choose to disobey the law and endeavor to escape, he or she incurs a penalty of from one hundred to five hundred dollars, with the alternative of from three to six months' imprisonment. This is mild punishment, indeed, to that inflicted in the days of our forefathers, when disobedience to quarantine laws subjected the offender "to suffer death without benefit of clergy." Still it is heavy enough to discourage any attempt at disobedience, when such disobedience would bring upon the transgressor the full rigor of the law.

It may here be mentioned that an incoming vessel has the right "before breaking bulk" of putting to sea in preference to being quarantined. The Health-officer, however, must mention on the vessel's bill of health the length and circumstances of the detention, and the condition of the vessel upon reputting to sea; he must also satisfy himself that the sick of such a vessel will be taken proper care of, and he must take care of such sick as prefer to remain.

In the case of foreign arrivals generally, both passengers and crew must submit to a medical examination, and in Mr. BERGHAUS's picture the former are seen filing past the doctor through the narrow gangway formed by the bulwark and the deck-houses in the waist of the vessel. In the questions noted above which are put to the master of a vessel on arrival in the port of New York there occurs the query, "Have you any bill of health?" Most people will probably be inclined to inquire what a bill of health consists of. Bills of health are of two classes, namely, clean bills of health and foul bills of health. The former is a document signed by an American consul abroad testifying that there was no disease on board the vessel or at the port at which the vessel loaded her cargo for the voyage. The latter is a similar document testifying that there has been disease on board, or at the port of lading, or at any of the ports at which the vessel may have touched on her way home. A clean bill of health issued at Gibraltar about six weeks ago lies before the writer at this moment, and thereon it is certified in unmistakable English that "good health is enjoyed in the city and garrison of Gibraltar, and that there does not exist therein plague, Asiatic cholera, or yellow-fever, as witness the seal of the said city and garrison hereupon engraved." A vessel possessing a testimony similar to this is, generally speaking, free from the trouble and annoyance of quarantine; but were the bill of health a foul one, the case would be widely different. With the latter on board, the display of the dreaded yellow flag with the black ball in the centre at the main-topmast-head makes quarantine almost a foregone conclusion.

The whole New York Quarantine establishment consists of: first, warehouses, docks, and wharves, situated on the Lower Bay; second, anchorage for vessels in the Lower Bay, distant not less than two miles from the nearest shore, and within an area designated by buoys; third, a floating hospital—also used as a boarding station for vessels coming from south of Cape Henlopen—namely, the hulk of the *Illinois*, anchored in the Lower Bay below the Narrows, and with a capacity to accommodate one hundred patients; fourth, the hospitals on Swinburne and Hoffman islands; fifth, the residence for officers and men at the Quarantine Station, Staten Island, near Clifton village; and sixth, the burying-ground at Seguin's Point, Staten Island. The burden of responsibility for the conduct of this extensive establishment would appear to be borne chiefly by the Health-officer, who is nominated by the Governor of the State, and must have had at least ten years' experience in the practice of his profession. The present Health-officer of the Port is WILLIAM M. SMITH, M.D., his deputies being DRS. SANBORN and SMITH. The Commissioners, who are also nominated by the Governor, are THOMAS C. PLATT (President), DAVID W. JUDD, and JOHN A. NICHOLS. These Commissioners receive an annual salary of $2500 each, paid by the State.

The duties and powers of the Health-officer may be briefly glanced at, and here it may be premised that any person violating the Quarantine laws or regulations, or obstructing the Health-officer in the discharge of his duty, is considered guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable on the same terms as stated above. The Health-officer has not only the general superintendence and control of the Quarantine establishments and the care and treatment of the sick, but it is his duty also to carry out all the numerous provisions of the Quarantine laws. He has power to appoint and dismiss at pleasure his two assistant or deputy health-officers, for whose conduct he is responsible; to administer oaths and take affidavits; to call upon the metropolitan police to aid him in an emergency; to direct arrests; to confine persons charged with offences; to select nurses and license lightermen; to pay for policemen appointed by him—in short, to pay all expenses of the Quarantine establishment incurred by him. His duties are as onerous as his powers are comprehensive, but the space at our disposal will not admit of their enumeration here, and it must be remembered, too, that he has full power to delegate his authority to his deputies, who may perform, subject to his direction, all the duties required of the Health-officer himself. He is entitled to receive the fees fixed by law for his services. These fees are collected from the masters, owners, or consignees of quarantined vessels; but in the case of passengers for whom expenses shall have been incurred in quarantine, the master of the vessel in which such passengers arrived may recover from them for the amount. It is needless to say that in the event of non-payment of expenses, or of refusal to comply with orders, on the part of master or owner, the doctor has an easy resource—a lien is entered on the vessel, which, with the cargo and other property, is held in quarantine until all charges are paid. All passengers on board vessels under quarantine are provided for by the master; and if the master shall omit or refuse to provide for them, or they shall have been sent on shore by the Health-officer, they are maintained by the Commissioners of Quarantine at the expense of the vessel.

The only diseases against which quarantine applies are yellow-fever, cholera, typhus or ship fever, and small-pox. Ample accommodation is now provided for patients in the different hospitals of the establishment, persons sick with different diseases being always kept in separate hospitals. The hospital on Swinburne's Island is especially designated for the reception of yellow-fever or cholera patients, but when not required for these it is appropriated to the use of persons sick of other contagious diseases. Persons with insufficient evidence of effective vac-

cination, and known to have been recently exposed to small-pox, are vaccinated as soon as possible, and detained until the vaccine shall have taken effect. No other person (except the sick, of course) is detained in quarantine any longer than is necessary to secure cleanliness. Vessels in an unhealthy state, whether there has been sickness on board or not, are not allowed to proceed until they have been duly cleansed and ventilated. If in the judgment of the Health-officer a vessel requires it, he may order the following sanitary measures: baths and other bodily care for the person; washing or other disinfecting means for clothing; displacement of cargo; subjection to high steam or partial submersion for infected articles; the destruction of tainted food—in short, the complete purification of the vessel in all her parts by the use of steam, fumigation, force-pumps, rubbing or scraping, and finally sending to Quarantine anchorage until disinfection be perfected.

On the arrival in the harbor of infected vessels all well persons have their freedom given them as soon as possible; sick persons are immediately transferred to one or other of the hospitals appropriated for their reception, and the vessel unladen and purified as soon as possible. All the merchandise is placed in the Quarantine warehouses, and there freely exposed to the air, and moved from time to time to insure its perfect ventilation. The patient need have no fear as to his effects; it is one of the Health-officer's duties to make an inventory of these, and to secure them from waste and embezzlement until they are handed over to the rightful claimants.

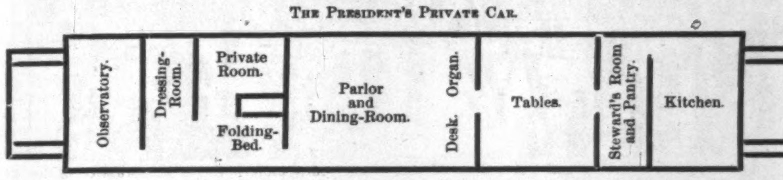
To narrate the numerous other duties of shipmasters, pilots, and passengers in connection with vessels liable to quarantine is impossible within the limits of the present paper. Their duties, indeed, would be understood only by the initiated, and an attempt at a popular translation of very dry and wordy regulations would be utterly frustrated by the introduction of uninteresting technicalities. It is something, however, to know that not a single vessel—if the authorities do their duty—comes near our shores that is not thoroughly investigated with regard to the existence of infectious disease on board of it.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

President Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by Private Secretary D. S. Lamont, Mr. Wilson S. Bissell, of Albany, and Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, of New York, left Washington at ten o'clock on September 30th for a journey of nearly 4500 miles through the West and South. The special train for the use of the party consists of three cars. For the exclusive use of the President and his wife the private car of Mr. George M. Pullman is provided. Presidents Grant and Arthur have travelled in it, and it has carried its owner over nearly every railroad in the country. It is sixty feet long, and is carried on trucks of the No. 5 type, having six 42-inch paper wheels, with four-ton elliptic springs and four equalizing springs each. Outside, the car is refinished in the standard olive and gold Pullman colors. Inside, it is comfortable, having a large main saloon furnished in oak, an old-gold carpet, and furniture covering of terra-cotta plush. The following is a general plan of the interior of the car, the central section being that shown on our front-page picture. The President and Mrs. Cleveland will occupy the large state-room in this car, and Colonel Lamont and the two invited guests, who will be joined later by Postmaster-General Vilas, have a section each in the "vestibuled" sleeping-car "Velasco." The third car is the combination baggage and smoking car "Alfarata," which includes not only a comfortable social meeting-room, but a barber's shop, lockers for supplies, and a store-room for the electrical apparatus used to light the train. Having stopped for a few minutes in Western Pennsylvania to see an exhibition of natural gas at Grapeville, and passed through Pittsburgh, the first stop of four hours at Indianapolis was followed by one of three-quarters of an hour at Terre Haute. Reaching St. Louis on Saturday at midnight, the President became the guest of Mayor Francis on Sunday, and surrendered himself to the Committee of Arrangements during Monday and Tuesday, and on Tuesday night, October 4th, he started for Chicago. Twenty-five hours will limit his stay in Chicago. In Milwaukee he will be at the disposal of his friends from one in the afternoon of Thursday until 10 o'clock on Friday, October 7th, when he will go to the beautiful town of Madison, to remain until Monday as the guest of Postmaster-General Vilas, whose home commands a view of the picturesque lakes surrounding Madison.

From Madison the party will go to St. Paul for a stay of a night and a forenoon, leaving at noon on October 11th for Minneapolis, where a stop of seven hours is promised. Omaha will be reached at 11 a.m. on the 12th, but the stop there will be only one hour, the train being due in St. Joseph, Missouri, at 5.15 in the afternoon. A short half-hour will be all the time given to the St. Joseph people, and then the train will speed on to Kansas City, reaching that bustling and growing place at 8.15 in the evening. There the party will remain until the following evening at 11 o'clock, when it will continue its journey to Memphis, Tennessee, arriving there on Friday, October 14th, at 6 p.m. The Memphians will have the President and Mrs. Cleveland with them until Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock, when the party will leave for Nashville, and be the guests, on their second Sunday out, of Judge Jackson and his brother, at Belle Mead, their fine stock farm near the city. From Nashville the journey will be continued on Monday, October 17th, to Atlanta, where a reception the like of which the South has never known will await the coming of the party. The three days' stay in Atlanta will be crowded with hospitalities, and the visit will end at midnight on October 19th, when the party will go to Montgomery, Alabama. After a five hours' stop at Montgomery the train will start over the mountains toward Washington, and the President and Mrs. Cleveland expect to reach the White House before breakfast-time on Saturday, October 22d. The programmes arranged by the different cities to be visited indicate that a spirit of rivalry has been aroused to show the President and his charming wife that the utmost friendliness is felt for them. St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, and Atlanta, which consider themselves fortunate in having the best opportunities to manifest their respect for the President and their admiration for his wife, have made very full and elaborate preparations for their entertainment. At the request of the President himself, a part of the time in each city will be used in driving over a route previously announced, in order to gratify the proper curiosity of the large crowds that could not hope to reach or shake hands with him at a crowded reception.

The President's Private Car.



THE GRAND ARMY.

The Twenty-first National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held at St. Louis during the last week of September. The city had been lavishly and beautifully decorated with evergreen and bunting, with triumphal arches and inscriptions of welcome, while gas jets and electric lights were arranged to make the chief meeting-places and thoroughfares resplendent by night. But drenching rains unfortunately robbed the street pageants of their expected brilliancy, and made the bright tent life, which otherwise might have been so enjoyable for the veterans, quite too close a reminder of dismal days in actual campaigning.

The opening parade, which had been fixed for Tuesday, September 27th, had to be postponed to the following day, and then the rain was as steady as ever. But despite the weather and the droop and drip of colors and decorations, the march fully told its story as that of the men who had fought in the armies of the Union. Grand Marshal Grier, with his chief of staff, General A. J. Smith, and aides, followed by General Fairchild, the Commander-in-chief, with his special escorts, Logan Post of St. Louis, mounted, and the Springfield (Massachusetts) battalion, headed the procession. Then came carriages with guests, and then the ten divisions of the Grand Army. Their ranks were varied by an occasional drum corps and by detachments carrying muskets, or now and then an old soldier bearing aloft a fowl or a vegetable in memory of foraging days. The reviewing stand was close by the arch that spanned Olive Street at Twelfth, and on it were General Sherman, General Fairchild, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, and other guests who had quitted the carriages. Opposite were General Grier and his staff in the saddle. The Department of Missouri, which came first, occupied twenty-five minutes in passing the reviewing stand. Illinois, which followed, was next largest in numbers, while Kansas was also present in remarkably strong force. Amongst the crowds that lined the sidewalk and filled the windows of buildings were many veterans whose gathering years had warned them not to risk the long tramp in the rain. While the reviewing stand was the centre of decoration and enthusiasm, the granite Court-house and the Custom-house were also noticeably adorned with evergreens, streamers, rosettes, shields, and emblematic figures.

The encampment opened, after the parade, in the Entertainment Hall of the Exposition Building. General Fairchild delivered the annual address, which showed that the number of members borne on the rolls June 30th was 372,674—a large gain over the previous year. The year's disbursement in charity was $253,934, given to 26,608 individuals. The address further set forth the attitude of the Grand Army toward pension legislation. Then the body acted upon the letter of Mr. Drexel offering it the Mount McGregor property. On the following days the routine work of the encampment was continued, and Columbus, Ohio, was selected as the site of next year's gathering. The Woman's Relief Corps was simultaneously holding its annual convention at Harmonie Hall, its chief work being the preparation of an act for pensioning army nurses. A banquet at Lindell House on Friday evening closed the encampment.

THE SIOUX CITY CORN PALACE.

Extensive tracts of Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota are by soil and climate particularly adapted for the cultivation of corn, and Sioux City, a name which was obscure enough only a few years ago, has the good fortune to be situated in the centre of this corn belt, of which the estimated corn crop for the present year is 600,000,000 bushels. Sioux City is a notable example of a city which is the result of the introduction of steam and electricity into the wilderness. Before 1804 the region was unknown to the white man. In 1856 the population amounted to 150 souls, and the city was first mapped out, and named after the largest and most powerful tribe of Indians now extant. During the last six years the population has increased from 7500 to over 30,000, and the city is now the third greatest pork and beef packing entrepot in the Union, while five great trunk lines of railroad, with thirteen branches, combine to make it a railway centre of the first importance in the West.

Northwestern Iowa has escaped extremes of drought and rain, and with few exceptions has produced abundant crops for many consecutive years. These vast yields of corn and wheat, it is found, can be utilized more profitably as feed than as crude products. Farmers can readily become manufacturers, as it were, by transforming field crops into stock, the only difficulty heretofore having been the securing of markets—a difficulty now fully obviated in the case of Sioux City. The cost of sending 60 live hogs to Chicago from the Missouri River is the same as the cost of sending the manufactured product of 150 hogs that distance. This fact has induced packers to select the Missouri Valley as the site of their packing-houses, so that Omaha and Kansas City rank next to Chicago as meat-producing centres. Following this line of policy, several of the heaviest operators in Chicago have recently decided to make Sioux City a point of operation. Messrs. Fowler Brothers, Silberhorn, and Armour, three of the operators who have made Chicago the capital of the meat supply of the world, have begun the construction of immense packing-houses in the city, and within six months five new establishments will be in active operation, which, jointly with those already on the grounds, will have a capacity of preparing for the market daily 1500 head of beef cattle and 15,000 hogs.

It is in grateful recognition of what the prodigious corn interests of this flourishing region have achieved for their city, by tempting some of the largest pork and beef packers in the country to settle among them, that the people of Sioux City have erected a magnificent Corn Palace—an allegorical temple of Ceres—and are now holding a grand harvest jubilee festival, to last from October 3d to October 8th inclusive. The palace, which consists of a framework covered with corn and other agricultural products, measures 200 by 100 feet, and 90 feet to the top of the dome, the whole designed by a skilled architect, and tastefully arranged by experienced and zealous hands. It holds exhibits of the products of the surrounding country, and in addition to these there are to be various amusements—band carnivals, military drills, illuminations, concerts, and dances. In fact the event is to be one of general rejoicing, and no pains will be spared to entertain the crowds who are sure to visit the palace and the city during the festival.

As an illustration of the growth and prospects of this promising city, it may be stated that the Northwestern system of railroads is now engaged in constructing a bridge across the Missouri, from Sawyer's Bluff, in the eastern part of the city, to the opposite shore on the Nebraska side, at an expense of $1,500,000. In dimensions this bridge is to be four spans of 400 feet, exclusive of approaches, and it will be a structure in which not only Sioux City, but the whole State, will feel a laudable pride. During 1887–8 $2,500,000 will have been expended here on the bridge, the packing-houses, and other permanent improvements.

METAMORPHOSIS.

O the summer girl, through the summer's whirl,
With the grace of the season laden,
There was never a spot where we found her not,
This multitudinous maiden.
And here and there and everywhere—
I am glad to so record her—
From fair beginning to latest inning
She had charms of a varied order.

She could dance, ride, swim, at the moment's whim,
She could row like a man from college,
She could calculate just the worth and weight
Of her well-assorted knowledge;
And 'tis ten to one that before some gun
(O metaphor complicated),
With a smile or a frown, the foe went down,
Or discreetly capitulated.

But put them away—they have had their day—
Her ruffles and frills and laces,
With a tender sigh she has said good-by
To their all-bewildering graces.
She is seen no more on the sea-girt shore
In the gown that did so adorn her,
Or on rustic seat in the safe retreat
Of the porch's shaded corner,

With her vim and dash, and her black eyes' flash,
That would madden the soul ascetic,
Or with dreamy eyes, and the charm that lies
In the attitude æsthetic.
In the shady nook, with the sketching-book,
No more she sweetly poses;
Grave and gay, she has passed away
With the butterflies and the roses.

But behold and lo! pray tell me who
Is this creature of radiant graces,
Who in wool and fur sets the pulse astir,
As did she of the lawns and laces;
Who loves right well the gay sleigh-bell,
Tinkling its tune of gladness,
The jar and jog of the swift tobog,
And the carnival's merry madness;

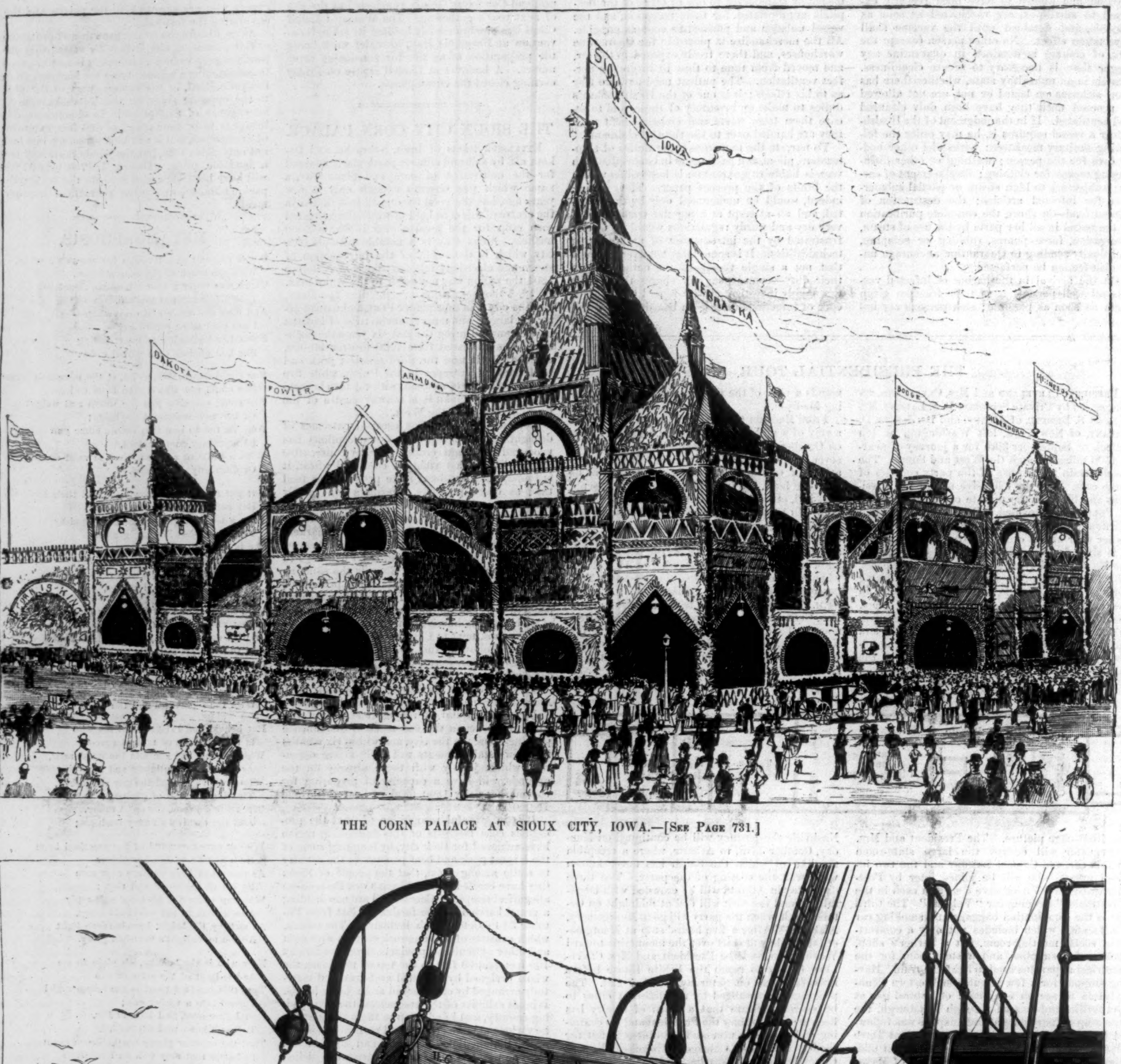
Who at sure command of her practised hand
Hath arrows within her quiver
As many and keen as were ever seen
By her of the wood and river;
Who can smile and sigh her soft reply
As she lists to the world-old story,
As well by the bright base-burner's light
As the moonlight's vanished glory.

Now who is she? Why, it's plain to me
As the light of the stars or sun
That this frost-set pearl is the summer girl
Turned into a winter one;
And I dare aver, as I look at her,
To her rôle so well adjusted,
That the summer places her half-won cases
In hands that may well be trusted.

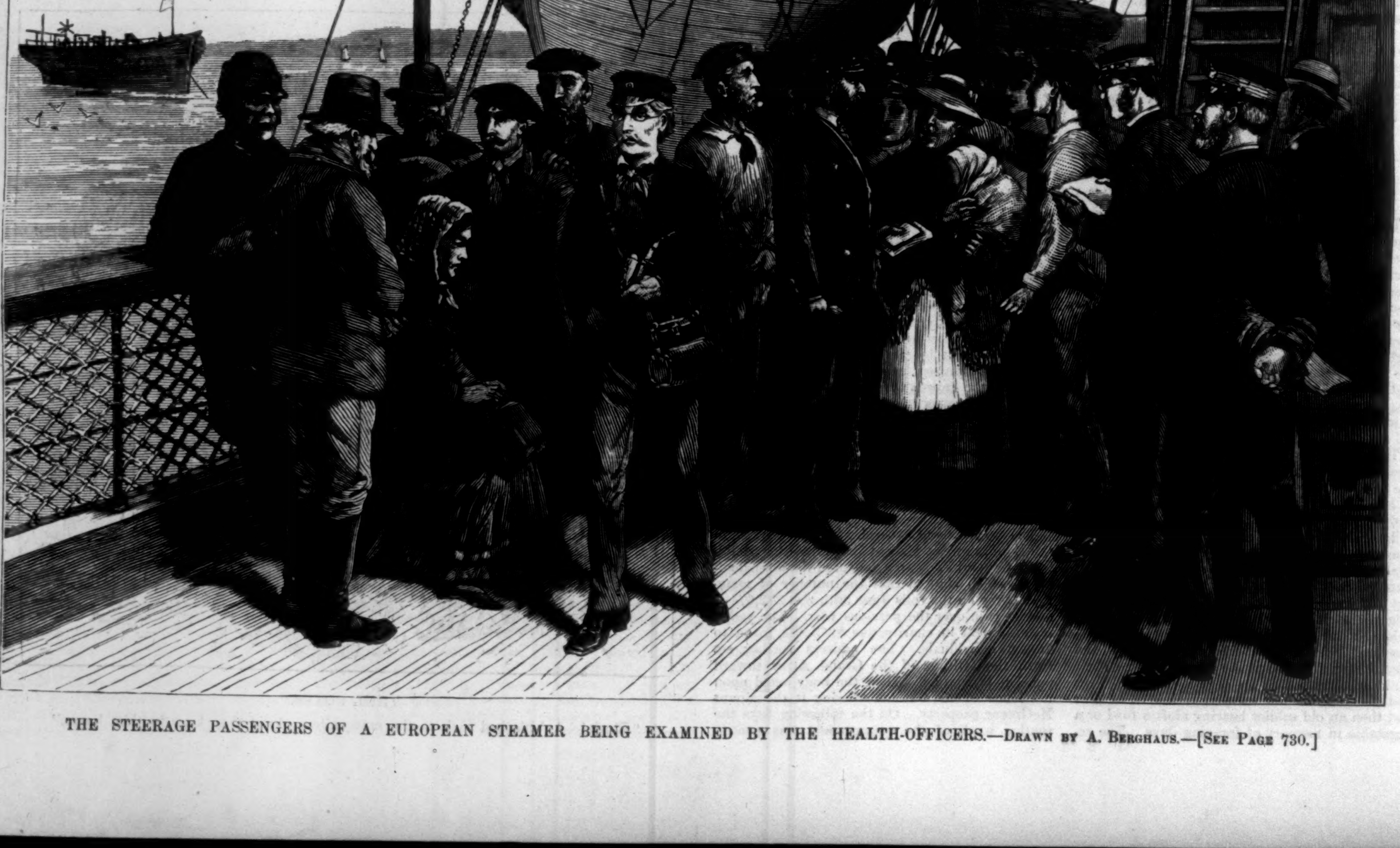
Carlotta Perry.

THIM BOXES.

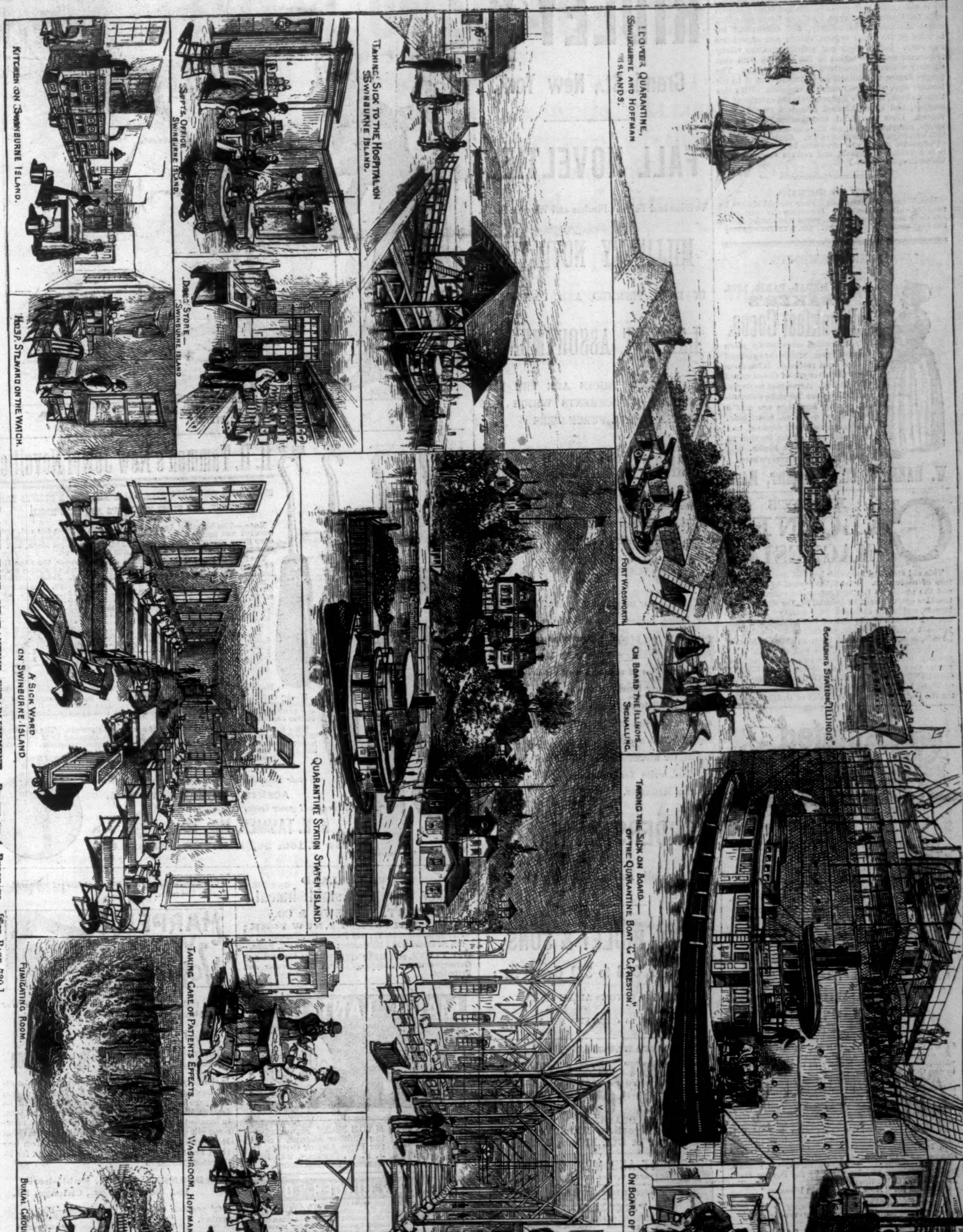
"Phwit! An' it's bad luck to the musquaiters phwat they kape in thim boxes."



THE CORN PALACE AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—[See Page 731.]



THE STEERAGE PASSENGERS OF A EUROPEAN STEAMER BEING EXAMINED BY THE HEALTH-OFFICERS.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 730.]



SKETCHES OF THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE ESTABLISHMENT.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 730.]

TERRIBLE ARE THE RAVAGES

Upon the system inflicted by diseases of the kidneys and bladder. They wreck the constitution more speedily in some cases than consumption and other maladies of a fatal pulmonary type. As you value your life, arrest a tendency to debility, and consequent inactivity of the renal organs, should you experience any such. Infuse vigor and activity into the vitally important secretive action of the kidneys with that salutary diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The proper degree of stimulation is imparted by it to the bladder also, when that organ is sluggish. With this timely check, Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, and other kindred disorders may be prevented. Liver complaint, constipation, nervous ailments, and rheumatism are likewise conquerable with this sovereign household remedy. Against the effects of exposure in damp or otherwise inclement weather, it is a benign safeguard, and revives strength after undue fatigue.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HENRY'S

CALCINED MAGNESIA.

This old standard medicine has lost none of its virtues of usefulness. It is still esteemed by physicians and the people as the best means for relieving those troubles (particularly in infants) of the stomach and bowels, which are attended with acidity. It relieves heart-burn at once, is one of the mildest and most pleasant aperients, gently, yet effectually, moving the bowels, and therefore is a boon to those habitually constipated; and to the bilious and gouty it is especially beneficial. Caution, BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS; they are well calculated to deceive. HENRY'S GENUINE CALCINED MAGNESIA bears the name of W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., as Wholesale Agents for the United States. Obtainable of Druggists.

THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD!
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD!
THE MOST DIGESTIBLE FOOD!
THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD!

25c., 50c., $1.—At Druggists.—Ill'd Pamphlet free.
Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the *cause*.

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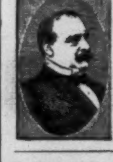

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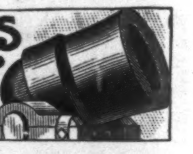

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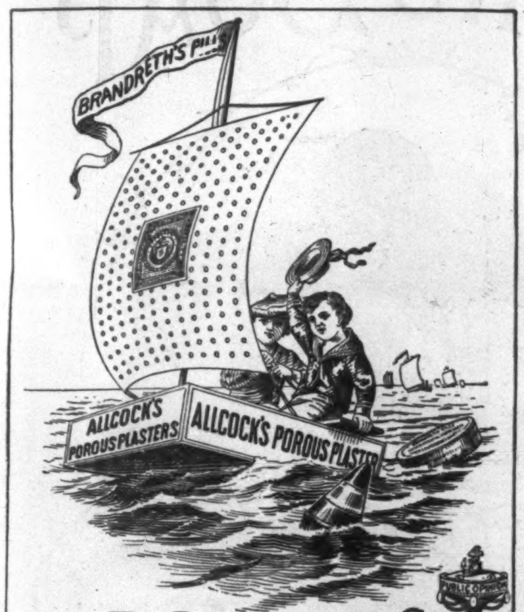

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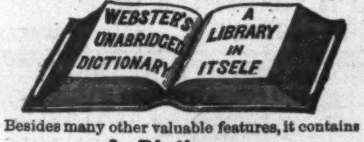

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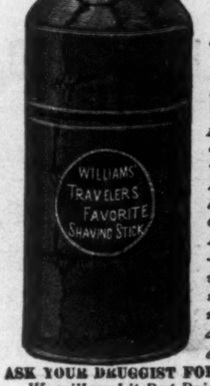

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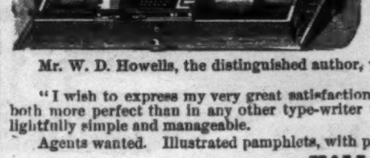

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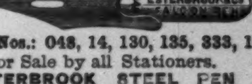

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